

NEW YORK SATURDAY MORNING ADAM

A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 390

WORK!

BY EBEN E. REEFORD.

Work, for up the eastern sky
Climbs the sun the while we wait;
Chances come and pass us by
While we stand and hesitate—
Doubting, waiting, faint of heart,
Till we find we are too late.

Work! the morning will not wait,
While we stand and hesitate.

Work! our lives before us lie
Like the marble, shapeless still;
We must shape it to success
With an earnest heart and will.
It is in our hands to choose;
Shall we choose for good or ill?

Work! the day is passing fast,
Brave of heart to do and dare
In the world's great labor-fields,
There is work for us to share.
Earnest hearts and willing hands
Find a mission everywhere.

Ah! the morning will not wait,
While we stand and hesitate.

The Bitter Secret;

OR,

THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER V.

WAITING AND SEEING.

AND that was Otto Derwent, her father!

With blazing cheeks the girl sat and thought of him, scanning again, with mental gaze, the tall, stalwart figure, the proud, picturesque countenance, the dominant manner, the dashing, courageous, *bon-camerade* style of the man who had let his wife perish alone in Loam-gerie.

How lightly his sorrow sat upon him! Why, her mother had looked at least ten years older when she died!

As Monica played with the fried ham and eggs and weak tea served to her by Dame Hicks, she plied that personage with questions that set her valuable tongue wagging continuously, and rendered the stranger lady so much more interesting a guest than the dozen of hungry hunters who revelled in the big hall, that she passed over these magnates to her husband, and devoted herself to the one lone little girl.

And Monica, with her white hand upholding her cheek, and her dark glimmering eyes fastened full upon the dame's raw-boned face, lured her on and on, till she had told all she knew about Dornoch-Weald and its noble master.

According to Mrs. Hicks, "the master," as she delighted to call him, was so obstinate in his celibacy, and withal so brilliant, fascinating and popular among the ladies, that the highest in the land had as good as offered herself to him, while all the county ladies, belles and heiresses, as well as peeresses in their own right, were breaking their necks after him, without the smallest reward.

"For a gay man, an' a jovial liver," said the old woman, "he's that queer about marryin' the Lord only knows what he means for to do for an heir; him that hates his nephew, Geoffrey Kilmyre, fit to shoot him—him as used for to fairly worship the lad! And in my opinion, as well as the whole countryside, a proper man, and a gallanter, never stepped across Dornoch-Weald threshold; a bit harum-scarum maybe, but, Lord! that's better than foxin' and wigglin' like snakes around the master's heels, like the next after him again—I mean them two rogues as were here a minute ago with him, Rufus an' Gavaine Marshall. Geoffrey, ye see, 's a right down Derwent, as why shouldn't he, bein' the master's own sister's child; whereas them sons aren't nothin' but distant relatives, ever so far removed, sons of—would ye believe it, nothin' but a tailor! and with neither the souls nor the bodies of our Derwents, God bless the race!"

"And he—Mr. Derwent, I mean—is he kind to people—a good man?" demanded the listener, disdainfully.

"Humph! I dunno what may your ideas of good be! He suits us—lets us a-be, and that's what a single man should," retorted the innkeeper's wife. "If the young woman as has been hanging on these ten year at the Weald would only keep her nose out of our concerns, like the master does, she'd suit us better too, I'll wager."

"Who is she?"

"Oh another far-off relation; at least she says so, an' has been a-tryin' for to ketch the master ever since she got out of short clothes—for a scheming viper! But he don't see it, he! he! he!—an' so they say up at the hall that of late she's set her cap for young Master Geoffrey, an' that she's in a fair way of lookin' him, too. But it'll be a sad day for Dornoch when Godiva Montacute gets to be mistress of the Weald."

"Young, you say?"

"Jest of age, miss, twenty-one, and as sly a serpent as ever crawled. It's my opinion, an' I don't care who hears me say so, that she's that mad at the master for never lookin' her way, that she'd stick her bolkin in his heart, any day, if she had a chance; an' if ever anything amiss do happen to him, I'll know who done it."

And the giantess nodded her great head gloomily, gazing with a disgusted frown into vacancy.

Monica felt a singular stir at the heart, and a quick breathless craving to see this woman face to face. Yet, although she was spoken of as the enemy of the Master of Dornoch-Weald, it was not kindred feeling that animated the American girl, who had come here in the character of an avenger.

"Go on! tell me more," said she, settling herself with yet deeper attention, to the dame's great gratification, for she loved to declaim on the affairs of her betters. "Where is Geoffrey Kilmyre, and what?"

"Oh, he's a rovin' blade. He don't trouble the Weal much, especially since the master turned him out of Dornoch for wanting to marry a poor girl as was governess in the parson's family."



"Hush, dear boy, hush!" and there was malignity-germ enough in her tones for both."

"Ah!" cried Monica, derisively, "the Master of Dornoch-Weald does not like poor girls, does he?"

"Well, this 'in weren't much, anyhow, an' who but the mad devil like Master Geoffrey would think o' settin' the like, with nather blood nor beauty, at the head of the table where princesses wantst sat?"

"Well, did the young man assert his independence, and marry her in spite of his uncle, or did he prove a craven and abandon her for the sake of his uncle's wealth?"

"Land! how your eyes do shine, miss! Did he marry Nell Wyvern, say you? No, for, as good luck 'ud have it, she showed herself up in time, for the bold, brazen hussy she was, an' run off with parson's eldest son, a captain in the guards, whenever she found out that her rich lover 'ud lose everything if he married her; an' she not even expectin' to marry Tom Grindon. Ugh! Master Geoffrey may thank his stars for his escape. It broke the heart of parson's wife, as sweet a lady as ever trod in Dornoch; she died in a month; an' parson himself, he have never held up his poor head since; for the lad was a good son till he come to blacken his soul. She's in Limmon this very day, a-ridin' in her ker-ding among all the other brazen wenches, an' Tom Grindon's forgot ages ago, and gone to the dogs. Well, Master Geoffrey wor well rid of her; but for all that he never forgave his uncle for standin' between them on account of the gal's low birth; so he's very seldom at the Weald now, but keeps himself to his own big, lonesome house in Cornelia, an' meanwhile them reptiles, the Marshalls, keeps close by the master's side, an' Satan only knows what lies they tell about our young master; and that other fox, Godiva Montacute, keeps a-writin' constant to Master Geoffrey, drawin' him, fine as a wire, into her net, though how she means to get the property for him ag'in' two such imps as them Marshalls is past me. Well, well, thank God, the master's as hale an' hearty as any one of 'em yet, an' can ride to hounds with the foremost; it may be a many years afore anybody 'll get into his shoes, an' the good Lord grant it will."

And with this devout aspiration the landlady departed in response to a call from the dining-room, from whence came the jolly racket and turbulence of a hunt dinner.

And Monica once more sunk deep into reverie, with wondering heart questioning the near future.

She was soon afterward conducted to her bedroom, situated in a distant part of the wide-spread rambling cottage, but for all that, not quite out of hearing of the noisy party in the dining-room; and she passed the long, cold, gusty night between waking visions of sinister foreboding, and slumbering trances of nameless terror, till the dim breaking of day, when all grew death-still and she slept profoundly.

With her waking came perplexities.

Unless she applied, under some good pretext, at the parsonage for lodgings, there was not a house in Dornoch open to her; for the most part the inhabitants were wretchedly poor. Leasing small patches of land upon which they raised green stuffs for the Limbie market, and living crammed into infinitesimal cottages, eight or twelve of a family; ignorance, vice, and brutal suspicion of strangers seemed to be their ruling characteristics.

"Like people, like master," thought the intelligent American girl, scornfully; she was fresh from her own trim, thriving little village, where every soul could at least read, and where the poorest cotter could mingle with his fellows, a rational being.

What curse was hanging over this people, that they were so imbruted?

Nothing but an unhappy and reckless lord, whose bitter conservatism and galling pride of race had taught him to look upon his tenants as naught but miserable serfs to till his lands and to crouch at his foot as their natural lord and master!

For the Master of Dornoch-Weald was said through all the county to be the proudest man

within the Riding; prouder by far of his ancient lineage than many a high peer, more newly ennobled; his private character was a strange mixture of princely *bonhomie* toward his equals, and icy impregnability toward all high or low, who ventured to tread too close to his real nature.

Monica was obliged to hire a room at the inn; she shrank from the task of dissimulation with all the repulsion of a high-toned nature, and felt it impossible to intrude under false pretenses upon the stricken man at the parsonage; it was only her father whom she could contemplate deceiving without one pang of compunction.

She took a room at the "Dornoch Arms" for a few weeks, and bestirred herself to obtain entrance under some plausible excuse, into the Weald. She gave out to the inn people that she had come to their village among the woods for change of air; her pale and emaciated appearance suggesting instantly recent illness among the ruddy and robust Northern peasants; and she took care to make it known that if the air agreed with her, she would be thankful to get some post at the Mansion House, being too poor to live idle upon her money.

But the days passed, and nothing came of her stay, except that she made herself thoroughly familiar with the grounds of Dornoch-Weald, as well as for miles around among the forests. And then fate gave her her will; a door opened where she least looked for it, and the way was clear.

She had not caught another glimpse of Mr. Derwent; neither had she seen the woman who now divided her thoughts with him—Godiva Montacute, the wily connection. The brothers Marshall she often saw and eluded; they made a habit of riding past the inn every day, and of stopping to call for a stirrup-cup of mine host's nut-brown ale, in the hope of snatching another glimpse of the pale and lustrous-eyed stranger lady, whom they had discovered asleep on the wooden settle.

She had successfully avoided not only them, but all the cavaliers at the Mansion; she was cautious as to when and where she took her walks, and confined herself to her room as long as they loitered about the inn.

This reserve piqued their curiosity; they vowed to "have her out of her hole," as they put it, and haunted her.

At this time the great house was thronged with a merry company. Not only sportsmen filled its spacious walls and vaulted chambers, but ladies from the *beau monde*, bright, beautiful, young and illustrious ladies, might be seen sauntering in dainty guise through the building garden-beds, and the mossy paths of the home-woods.

Sometimes they flashed by on horseback, attended by the youngest and gayest of the cavaliers; sometimes they drove, a merry cavalcade, in the Master's open carriages, through the quaint little village, to some point of interest in the neighborhood, gazing curiously about them as they passed the wretched hutsches with their squalid, beast-like inhabitants; but Godiva Montacute was never among these; she seemed to confine herself within the walls of Dornoch-Weald, as one with some watch to keep.

Monica came to think of this unseen woman who hated the Master of Dornoch-Weald, eating his bread the while, with superstitious dread; she was always straining to catch a glimpse of her.

One morning she reached, in the course of her ramble in the forest facing the Weald, a charming little dingle, where the gray rocks peeped through velvet mosses, and the fresh young curls of the bracken interlaced, with the shooting grasses, the gnarled roots of the giant oaks; silver-stemmed birches, dusky thorn, and tasseled poplars, stretched away like solemn cathedral columns into the dim recesses of the wood; and a fair bud-fringed gap revealed the Mansion straight fronting the girl, as she leaned among the young spring verdure against a granite

bowlder, half-lost amid the shadows and the intricate tracery of naked boughs.

As usual, Monica had brought a book with her; it was not one calculated to enchain her interest much, it is true, for, in default of any books whatever in her present abode, she had obtained permission from the sexton of the little Chapel to use the library of theological works which mouldered in the vestry, and these volumes chanced to be of the driest and most dogmatic type; so she had also provided herself with a piece of lace-work, which she made almost as exquisitely as her mother, and with more originality of design, and on which she now built some hopes of making a subsistence.

She was weary with a long walk, and sat in a half dream, her abstracted gaze fixed upon those distant turrets; when the quiet rustle of some light trailing thing over last year's fallen leaves attracted her attention.

She turned in every direction, seeking the cause, but nothing was visible coming through that mist of crossing twigs, with its slight veiling of just peeping green; then the rustling stopped, and she heard a quick, firm step, and a clear merry whistle, coming shrilling up from the valley below. It was answered from the point where the rustling had ceased, by the warbling of a bird, so very cleverly and deftly executed that Monica had not the slightest suspicion that it could be anything else, until the rustling began again, and standing up, she saw, coming apparently straight toward her nook, a tall woman in a vapory sort of pale gray gown, that scarcely showed through the silvery grayness of the trees, only that it moved, and that something copper-red shone on the head of it, and something rosy white where the face might be.

As she looked, not doubting but that the lady had seen her, and was coming to speak to her, the firm step all the while coming springing up and up from the valley, the lady stood still, behind the enormous girth of a centenarian oak, and a gentleman sprang beside her.

The two met, Monica, who saw them in profile, though the great tree hid them completely from the windows of the Mansion, perceived the tall, slim lady put out two long white hands with an impulsive grace, which the gentleman, when he was up to her, gathered quickly in one of his, shook them gaily, and dropped, throwing himself back then against the trunk, while he gazed at her in silence for perhaps a minute, his riding-cap in his hand, and his shining brow lit by the clear morning beams.

And Monica, who could see his face distinctly, being possessed of unusually long sight, breathed a mechanical sigh of pleasure; for it was so beautiful, not only in proud pure contour, rich and manly coloring, and grace of outline, but in the heart-felt sincerity and ingenuousness of the soul that looked forth from the clever, searching eyes, that her very heart was satisfied for once, and ere ever he had uttered one word in her hearing, her soul assented to all that was in his nature, fiber to fiber answering.

"Rare and fair as ever, Godiva! Anxiety only makes you lovelier, I protest, my brave champion," were the first words spoken.

"Oh, Geoffrey! Geoffrey! Geoffrey!" were her words in answer.

Monica felt her heart stand still; these were the two who ought to be of the utmost importance in the world, to her, after Otto Derwent, for they were the candidates for heirship of his wealth—her rivals.

Godiva Montacute and Geoffrey Kilmyre stood at last before her—before her, the unknown daughter of their patron and uncle.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SILENCE OF THE WOOD.

MISS MONTACUTE had uttered her greeting in a low impassioned tone, and with a movement as if she had drawn the young man most impetuously to her bosom, a movement which he did not respond to, as he leaned in an attitude of perfect indolent grace against the old tree-trunk; then she fell back a step, crossing her pale hands on her breast, with her

bare head drooping, and the burning gold of her waving hair glittering under the sun, for her broad-brimmed country hat was slung over one arm by long floating ribbons of palest azure.

She looked very, very lovely and stately as she drooped so; her height was majestic, her figure lithe and willowy, with an easy gliding grace, like the curving undulations of a bending blade of grass, or a twining serpent; her face was purely oval, and creamy white, where it was not roseate of the purest carmine tint; in her tiny ivory ear beamed a star-shaped azure periwinkle-blossom, in porcelain, or some pretty ware, a spray of the same fastening the transparent illusion scarf that softly muffled her throat, as white as it; oh! she was delicacy, demureness, modesty, and tenderness personified, she who might, by right of her proud stature and noble beauty, have lifted herself toweringly above any man's insulting indifference, a very Cleopatra!

"You are glad to see me, then?" said Geoffrey Kilmyre, curiously regarding her. "In the name of Heaven, why, I should like to know!"

She stole a strange look at him; it was as if her eyes, concealed till then under the longest, richest red lashes Monica had ever seen, had emitted a white flash, like lightning in daylight; then they were hid again.

"Pardon me, Mr. Kilmyre, I have no right to presume to be either glad or sorry about you," she replied in a humble, innocent voice. "But if I was—I really couldn't help it—at least—oh, what a shame to put me on the witness stand this way!" she broke out in lovely confusion, and half turned away, pouting, yet smiling, like a very sweet unsophisticated child.

Monica had listened and looked thus far, too utterly carried out of herself by the suddenness of the double arrival to recollect the impropriety of so doing; she would now, having come a little to herself, inevitably have either called their attention to her proximity by some sound, or walked away, had not something in this last maneuver of the beautiful Godiva struck cold conviction of treachery to her soul. Conscious of this intuition, and of nothing else, she suddenly sat down again in her shadowed nook, and completely sheltered by intervening rocks and branches from the most searching looks, prepared to overhear all that this woman had come there to say to Geoffrey Kilmyre.

And now she could see neither of them; but the better could she listen.

"Do you know, blushers are vastly becoming to you, Lily-Maid," she heard the gay, yet rather mocking voice of the young man say next.

It was clear that whatever he might be to this lovely dependent on his uncle's bounty, she was nothing to him, nothing at least beyond the pleasant moment of her luring presence.

"Do you think so? Thank you!" murmured she softly, and Monica could see mentally the mock-maiden side glance and the evil shrewdness of the hidden heart of her as she said it.

"Well, you are a good little thing—I beg your pardon—little is scarcely the term to describe a woman of your majesty; but somehow you always seem to me babyish enough for the endearment, in spite of your six feet of statuesque perfection."

"Anything you say by way of endearment, Geoffrey, is precious—is, I should rather say, precious to me, as you know, I have had little love in my life."

"Poor child! That's the way with most of us, I dare swear. However, I need not keep you out in this wilderness talking sentiment. Let's to business!" You wrote for me, and here I am. What is it?"

"Oh, me! How sternly you can look at me! Did I do wrong to write you, Geoffrey? Indeed—it was out of the purest—"

"There—there—don't cry, dear soul. What under heaven have I said now, to stir up pathos in your foolish little heart? For a large woman, and rather a sensible one, you are the veriest baby! There, that's right; you look more practical now. You were right enough in summoning me to Dornoch-Weald; if my uncle was in any trouble which I could avert. Little cause as he has shown me to waste filial duty upon him, I can't hear of his worries without at least wanting to offer my help. What is the matter?"

"Let me collect my reasoning faculties a moment, Mr. Kilmyre. I must not waste your time or forbearance getting out the matter in my own poor womanish way; wait one minute."

It was clear that the "Lily-Maid" required some time to crush down the rage and mortification his careless words had roused in her; any woman would have recognized the anger which burned in those quivering half-suppressed tones, and in the quick swish of her robe over the dead leaves as she passed to and fro.

Geoffrey Kilmyre evidently did not read these signs aright. After uttering a slight laugh at her closing words, the snap of a match and the curls of blue smoke rising over the spot where he stood betokened the serenity with which he had lit his cigar, and the careless nonchalance with which he meant to await the revelation his kinswoman had summoned him to hear.

Soon her promenade ended, and her voice sounded, low and delicate, through the ancient forest.

"Did you know that Rufus and Gavaine Marshall were here on a six weeks' visit?"

"By Jove! no! The Marshalls! What can the poor old fellow mean? How does his majesty get along with the sneaking curs? I'm bad enough—the son of a Cornelia cotton-prince. But they, ye gods! scions of a tailor! Ha! ha! ha!"

Geoffrey's laugh, the laugh of an honest man, rung out merrily; its sarcasm could not make it even malicious.

"Hush, dear boy, hush!" came the suppressed voice of Godiva, and there was malignity-germ enough in her tones for both. "If any one should discover me under these circumstances—oh, I shudder at the consequences!" A pause. No one asked what consequences.

The delicate voice went on, with a metallic clink in it:

"Well, let me suffer if I must; I had rather suffer for you than curry favor with them for my own sake. I don't know how they contrived to be invited this time along with our other distinguished guests; certainly they were invited by Mr. Derwent, in due form, and are treated with as much consideration and respect as my Lord

Droghda himself; not a hint of their extraction, only that they are distant connections; and as they have been well, even showily educated, and appear to have mixed in good society, they make a good appearance, and no one would take them for anything else than gentlemen. They have been here three weeks now, and in the time they have contrived to become so necessary to Mr. Derwent, that he is never seen without one or the other of them at his heels. Of course in one way there is nothing wonderful in that, for ever since he resuscitated them from obscurity on the occasion of your expulsion two years ago, he has kept up a correspondence with them, as well as visiting them now and again at their own homes. But now they are really his principal guests. Does he moor an excursion, they are ready with hand and head to take everything but the enjoyment of him; does he speak of ball or masque, who so ingenious and so adroit to bring it about, not only with success, but with a unique fancy and originality that flatters and charms him; does he wish for sentiment, call for Rufus and Gavaine; the muses, Rufus and Gavaine; the arts, Rufus and Gavaine; or, best of all, does he crave seclusion, no reason in the world why he should not indulge so intellectual a wish; are not Rufus and Gavaine here to conduct everything so cleverly, and yet so modestly, that of the most captious of the guests can miss their host? Ah, Heaven! when I watch these terrible men basking under his pleased and musing glance, and think of you thrust out, thought of with freezing coldness, never mentioned at all, and your very portrait turned to the wall, my heart turns in my bosom. I have dared to keep your memory alive, notwithstanding his frowns and angry, goading taunts—I dare no more if you only guessed what he tortures me by saying—I, who know so little about money that I never can distinguish between pounds and shillings, who would serve you the same if you were really as penniless as he seems to wish you were.

The narrator broke off with thick crowding robes; they were so much naturally done, so contrived, so eloquent of long and bravely-repressed sorrow and distress, that, by the low murmuring that next came through the wood, Monica guessed that the deluded Geoffrey was caressing her in some kind way, and whispering thanks and praises in her ear.

With all the scornful curiosity of a proudly genuine nature, that observes the full iniquity of a false and wicked one, she rose and looked. For all her hard work, Godiva had only won the small triumph of Geoffrey's hand on her drooping head, which he was patting and stroking half absently.

"And so, fearing that they were on the high-road to supplant me in my uncle's will, you wrote for me to appear on the scene," said he, presently raising his comforting tone and returning to his place, the moment she had so far repressed her emotion as to return her handkerchief to her pocket. "And what did you expect me to do in self-defense, my dear?" he added, obviously more from curiosity to hear her idea than to obtain information on the important point.

"Do!" echoed she, almost sharply; "why, Geoffrey, is it you, who have so much at stake, who asks me, the humblest person in the house, and the least interested, what you should do."

"My dear girl, you do know that you made rather a pertinent insinuation in that last remark."

"Eh? what can you mean?" muttered she, in some confusion. "Oh, you didn't mean it at all, of course, you little goose; but it is just confoundingly true that you are the least interested party connected with this beastly business, because whoever of us, the tailor people or I, eventually turn out master of your money, you won't suffer. I don't forget Rufus Marshall's old penchant toward you; you see, you're safe."

"Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! how little do you know poor, friendless Godiva Montacute!" sighed she, with great feeling. Monica had repeated herself, too much disgusted with the last sight of the lady to remain looking. "I shall never turn from your cause, dear, never desert your standard for theirs, were you to be disinherited to-morrow."

"Thanks, little girl; therein you show your warmth of heart and much folly in charity to us. Indeed I don't think I ought to encourage you to revolt from the ruling powers, especially since it is really a matter that does not touch you in the least. I mean my well or ill fare. Drove you, little one, I shall feel aggrieved. You're no right to turn your back upon a young, devoted and thriving sister, for the sake of a poor, unlucky devil who isn't even in love with you!"

How did she take that? Involuntarily Monica rose up to see her foot slip among the dry twigs and leaves with a faint rustling noise, and the face of the young lady, which had been bowed on her bosom in her favorite attitude of infantile submission and sadness, flashed up with the remains of a fierce white scowl upon it, to listen, with dilated eyes and a sinister keenness in every strained feature. She did not see Monica, she looked obliquely past her, into the depths of the forest; and after a moment's breathless suspense, as the sound was not repeated, she turned eagerly to her companion.

"Some one may come! I dare not be seen by human eye communing with you, not only because of the proprieties, but for sake of your welfare. Should they hear—your uncle, I mean, or they too—that I was on such terms with you, they would consider everything from me as from a spy, and I could not assist you at all. This is what I think you should do. Come boldly on a visit to your uncle; make some excuse; here is the list of guests at the mansion; if there's a soul among them you know, say you were encouraged to venture to your home—put it so—to see him or her; once regain a footing, and gentleness and submission to his will in everything will soon bring you back all his good-will. He can't forget that you are of the blood, a true Derwent, whilst they—but, I must go, Geoffrey, indeed."

"And shall I stoop to these accursed dissimulations, do you think, girl?" demanded the young man, with biting contempt. "Not I! Let Derwent do as he likes with his wealth; I shall not defile my fingers groping in the mire after it. If the old fellow was in trouble, or ill, I might swallow my pride and come to him, but not for this reason. My good girl, I have always thought that your moral perceptions were rather blunt, but this—"

"Oh, don't trouble me—don't!" sobbed the lady, in the most afflicted manner. "I have not had half time to present the case as it really is; I have thought only of your interests, and forgotten his altogether. You must come, and instantly," Geoffrey.

"Don't ask me again to sneak into my uncle's good graces, Godiva, or I shall never look on your face more," he burst forth, haughtily. "Wait—hear what I do ask," she retorted, in a tone that suggested clinched teeth and a raging heart. "Your uncle is in trouble, is ill, or I should never have dared to send for you, knowing that you would not come for self-interest alone; nor could I have asked you to come for self-interest alone. He is in trouble—for I don't trust these men—do you hear? I don't trust them near him, night and day, as long as self-interest actuates them."

"My God! is there—"

"Hush! hush!" panted she, in startling agitation; "I would have given much not to have been obliged to tell you this; I know nothing, only that so very much depends upon Mr. Derwent's will, and after his will is made—on his death—that I tremble at the wonderful influence which these brothers have already gained over him, and the patient persistency with which they haunt him. Come, come and watch with me, Geoffrey, if you ever loved your poor kind uncle!"

Tears and sobs, quivering accents, pauses, hurry—no wonder if the young man gazed at his companion in utter shocked and unquestioning evidence.

"You said, 'in trouble, and ill'—is he ill, Godiva?" asked he, urgently.

"He does his best to cheat us all," was the wily answer; "he goes as usual about his usual pursuits; but I can see—who am watching with anguish—how changed he really is; how death-pale at times, what fluctuating spirits, no appetite, unnatural periods of frozen reverie, and yet so modestly, that of the most captious of the guests can miss their host? Ah, Heaven! when I watch these terrible men basking under his pleased and musing glance, and think of you thrust out, thought of with freezing coldness, never mentioned at all, and your very portrait turned to the wall, my heart turns in my bosom. I have dared to keep your memory alive, notwithstanding his frowns and angry, goading taunts—I dare no more if you only guessed what he tortures me by saying—I, who know so little about money that I never can distinguish between pounds and shillings, who would serve you the same if you were really as penniless as he seems to wish you were."

"Let me go; why did you not say all this at first?" cried Geoffrey impulsively. "Good God, girl, you should have said so at the very beginning. My poor lonely old fellow! Heaven! what a brute I've been, to abandon him to any vile pack of fortune-hunters!"

"Go—go at once then—quick! I hear some one's coming," hissed Godiva, already laying her hands on his shoulders, and fairly pushing him a few steps down the incline. He submitted to the motive power, and strode off under its impetus down the hill to the Weald.

Monica, still standing, with lynx eyes glued to the schemer, was debating with herself whether she should reveal her presence, curious to see the effect of such an unexpected occurrence upon Miss Montacute; when she perceived, by the lady's attitude of intent listening, as well as by her anxious consultation of the watch at her girdle, that some other person was expected.

By the wily craft that fresh blush rose on her face, and the care with which she took a long survey of her surroundings, Monica received an emphatic impression of the importance of witnessing the forthcoming interview. She had witnessed the last, and further concealed herself by creeping off to the dusky hollow of an enormous decayed tree, half a dozen paces from her boulder, where, comfortably propped in a sitting posture, with a mossy barricade of up-heaved brants in front, she could both see and hear without the smallest danger of discovery.

She had scarcely composed herself, when the gray shadowy figure of the lovely Godiva passed into her line of vision, not half a dozen feet from her, and stopped dead still.

By the excitement on her smiling face, and the gracefully outstretched arms, Monica saw that this interview was of a more interesting nature even than the last, and waited in breathless suspense for the arrival of the other party to it.

She had not half a minute to wait; still standing in an attitude of perfect grace and elegance, exquisitely lightened in effect by the gracious smiles of welcome that wreathed the lovely scarlet lips, Godiva was joined by another young gentleman, who, however, did not content himself by cool handshake, but took the lissom form boldly in his arms, and poured a shower of kisses on her ripe and answering lips.

Then he held her off at arm's length to look at her with fond admiration, and Monica beheld the features of the man she could both see and hear without the smallest danger of discovery. She had scarcely composed herself, when the gray shadowy figure of the lovely Godiva passed into her line of vision, not half a dozen feet from her, and stopped dead still.

CHAPTER VII
S T A Y S I M P S

"My Sweet!" were the first lighted words that broke the enraptured spell, uttered by the young man as he drew Godiva Montacute again to his breast, and pillowing her burnished head there, patted and smoothed it with trembling hand. "You are, after all, fond of me; don't deny it after this!"

"I'm afraid I am, Rufus," breathed the shiren, faintly, nestling up still closer with a fascinating little movement of shy love. "But, oh, dear! what good is it going to do either of us? You know I dare never marry you, dear, under existing circumstances."

Rufus Marshall was a colorless, undersized young man of some twenty-nine years; his eyes were pale and small, the iris curiously flecked with orange flakes, which in moments of excitement, blending with the faint green of his ground-color, produced in them a green phosphorescence. His mustache was long, waxed at the tips and ivory white; his lips under it, thin, and sharp-drawn, wearing an expression of anxiety and aversion; his hair was almost as tintless as his mustache, and fell over a bony, contracted forehead in limp fine drifits like mist; he possessed high shoulders, was angular, ungainly, and, though fashionably dressed and carrying himself with trained propriety, reminded one constantly of his extraction.

Beside him the aristocratic countess bowed as some princess in disguise, before whom he might decently have bowed the knee in abject subjection, and doubtless would have done so, had he not obtained over her—the more shame to her superior and more aristocratic—ascendancy through her basest impulses.

"I had some trouble finding our trusting tree," said Rufus, presently, when he was tired of the refreshment of kissing those luring lips, and the waded his short square hand toward Monica's tree. "I'm not so used to wild roads as you, Loveliest; though, please God, I shall one day be lord of all we two look upon this moment, with you by my side as queen." And the wretch caught her to him again in a burst of love, as he expressed it, truthfully.

Monica could see the shiver of repulsion that passed through Godiva, who, however, took excellent care not to display it to him, replying with sweet softness:

"May it be so, dear Rufus, for that is to be done of your poor Godiva if her desire is to be done. Well about his habits. Has he any out-of-the-way habit that might be twisted to our advantage, should we wish him to—to be suddenly found?"

"Yes—I know—He does not walk in his sleep, does not drink to excess. He has no extraordinary habits whatever that I know of." "Hem. Let me see. Never wanders about remote parts of the domains at queer hours, eh? Nor sits up nights in that library of his with the windows gaping on the lawn? No? Well, let's examine his habits after that."

Monica felt the hair on her head slowly prickle and rise, the blood recede to her heart in an awful throes.

What was that was being spoken? Had he not put a strange emphasis on the word "whatsoever?"

The sweep of her arm as she carried her hand to her face, to dash the mist from her vision and the oozing sweat from her brow, startled the pair; they turned with one accord their faces toward her, and she read in these two bleached and contracted visages—poisonous and deadly—

"They did not see her; who knows what would have befallen Monica Derwent if they had?"

"Nothing but an owl rustling in the hollow trunk," muttered Godiva mechanically; "go on. You were saying that Gavine would do whatever we planned; yes, dear, I think he would, but fortunately we won't require his sort of service just yet; we shall try a little more of yours first."

"My girl, I'm at the end of my rope, I assure you," said Rufus, with an impatient shrug; "I thought you knew that, and so I was meeting here to concoct Gavaine's work."

"Oh, not yet—not quite yet!"—shuddered Godiva, looking frightfully pale and craven; "the old man one more chance."

"Pon my life, Godiva, you sometimes mystify me completely," mumbled he, resentfully. "What's come over you now? The last word was 'get out of this suspense at any cost!' And now when I come to discuss how to obey you, you show the white feather and cry 'crisis! What's in the wind, girl? Come, out with it!'"

The insignificant little atony snatched at the noble-looking woman by the arm, and twisted her round in a coarsely bullying manner that would justly have set her blood boiling, but so abasing is conscious guilt that she did not even dare to shake his rude clutch off, although every instinct in her delicately-bred nature shuddered at the disgust and revolt, and she gnawed her rose-red lips almost black.

"There's nothing new 'in the wind,' as you call it, Rufus," she muttered, "and you need not be so harsh and cruel to me! I suppose I can't help it, but I would rather try anything, everything else first, before I let you proceed to

—extremities. I have eaten his bread so long—"

"That you have," interrupted he, rudely, "and I only wonder what in thunder could have come between you that you could ever turn against the old fool. Certainly very few men in his position would have bothered about a relation like you, as he has done. What did he ever do, that turned you against him?"

Godiva crimsoned violently, over her very neck and ears, and the scowl of an evil spirit darkened over her face. Monica remembered the insinuation of the innkeeper's wife, that she had tried her arts on her benefactor to climb into the supreme place at the Weald as his wife, and had been openly rejected; the furious mortification and galling bitterness of Godiva's present expression showed her that here rumor and truth met, and Godiva's answer was far different in import.

"I suppose I must tell you," she meekly said; "but you have no real right to ask me any home questions, yet."

"Do on; no humbugging!" observed Rufus, an insinuating smirk of gratification softening his insolent stare.

"Well, if I must I must. He—he was so cruel about wanting to marry me off to a man I have always abhorred," she raised her face here to the crystal morning light with a strange quivering anguish like that of a bludgeoned man, with vengeance, and grief, "to his nephew, you know—"

"What! Geoffrey Kilmyre?" roared Rufus, getting blood-red with fury and jealousy; "did that dog ever dare to look at you?"

"First, what does it matter? I would never have married him, even to save my life; I had seen you first," said the traitress.

"But, say, did he ever make love to you?" muttered Rufus, doggedly. Godiva cast a keen glance at the lowering murderous face and boldly answered:

"To tell the truth, no. I believe he was just as anxious to get rid of me as I was of him. You've heard and said enough about that affair with the clergyman's governess, Nellie Wyvern, for her hate against her patron, and had merely been goading her to action by the reference; 'why didn't he marry you himself and done with it?'"

For one moment the young lady faced him with a white dash of fury like a blize of lightning by daylight; then she crushed back her feelings with a baleful strength and resolution which boded ill for any unhappy soul who might have earned her hatred.

"Why indeed?" she murmured, carelessly; "I suppose I was bound to do it if he could have won my affection, as he had to a large degree ever since I was ten years old. But it did not occur to him, and certainly not to me. However, that's nothing to our purpose, is it? No, Rufus, I don't want you to proceed to extremities quite yet; for I have reason, how can anything be done whilst the house is full?"

"Tush! that's our best chance," returned he, dropping his odious leer for a gloomier expression; "we are asked here for six weeks—three of 'em are gone and our work is not yet half done. We must hasten through with it, and uncover these thirteen strangers, all of whom will share in the suspicion of foul play with us two, if there is any, which I'll go bail there won't be, if my head does not fail me. Trust me for my cut-throat!"

"What do you propose?" muttered Godiva, her eyes on the ground.

"Nothing yet; I want you to help me to devise a plan. You've been sharp as a razor, and quick as a rat thus far, and I'm sure you can help us up to the mark. The will is made, Rufus and Gavaine Marshall are named co-heirs with a large bequest to his beloved relative, Godiva Montacute. His nephew Geoffrey was never in such vile repute as he is now, thanks to my constant prayers on his behalf. Ha! ha! I don't want to quarrel with you, but I don't intend to enumerate his incredible iniquities and his solent revivings of his uncle; Derwent will never again be worked up to such a pitch of indignation against Kilmyre, who may turn compunctions and come back any day, to the utter ruin of our scheme; for all we can do is to use his passing influence, which one sight of him will dispel; don't you see, my girl, that we must strike while the iron is hot?"

"But your acquaintance with him is such a new thing—"

"All the better for us. Who would believe that we could gain an ascendancy over such a man as Derwent in such a short time? Come, help me."

"How can I?" muttered she, turning paler.

"You have lived for ten years in his daily presence, without knowing all about his habits, his constitution, his little mental traits, and so on. Through these you can suggest some safe idea."

"I scarcely see how; put any questions; I shall answer them. Has he any out-of-the-way habit that might be twisted to our advantage, should we wish him to—to be suddenly found?"

"Yes—I know—He does not walk in his sleep, does not drink to excess. He has no extraordinary habits whatever that I know of."

"Hem. Let me see. Never wanders about remote parts of the domains at queer hours, eh? Nor sits up nights in that library of his with the windows gaping on the lawn? No? Well, let's examine his habits after that."

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"There's nothing new 'in the wind,' as you call it, Rufus," she muttered, "and you need not be so harsh and cruel to me! I suppose I can't help it, but I would rather try anything, everything else first, before I let you proceed to

feet, anything but a dignified figure to be watched by the lowering eyes of his accomplice.

Monica, in her hiding place, was biting her lips and clenching her hands to keep from screaming or fainting in her horror; and yet how strangely peaceful seemed the silvery shimmer of this morning under the lace-work of boughs, with the turrets of the Weald peering through the vista!

How fatally fair this woman—how impishly crafty this man!

Could any mortal stop their intended crime more than he might mark the inexorable beauty of the morn?

Monica writhed in sickening agony. She had come here, she too, with vengeance in her heart against Otto Derwent. Heaven! was she in the same boat with these demons?

He who had been clasped in her mother's arms—her father—foully murdered.

"Oh, God—let me save him!" went up from the daughter's soul in a mute cry, and then a great calm fell upon her, and she cleared the mists from her fainting eyes, and looked again. The guilty ones were facing each other once more; she white, quivering, the very picture of terrified evil—the corpse-like and contorted, with a fearful wraith-like exultation on his ugly colorless visage. Both glaring at each other like like wolves.

"Well?" groaned Godiva, hollowly. "I know what I'm going to do."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 389.)

PEACE

BY E. E. T.

What tranquil peace and quietness
We feel, as from the bed of pain
We rise, and through the meadows take
Our old accustomed walk again.

How bright the sky! how pure the air!
How odorous seems the balmy breeze!
The feathered songsters seem to thrill
With melody the very trees.

Sweet, blessed peace! that thou might'st stay
We fain would wish. Oh, world of care,
We would that thou wert far away,
And heavenly quiet every where!

Detective Dick:

OR,

THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "WILFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A MEETING ON THE STAIRS.

"One moment, Miss Andrews," called Harry Spenser, as he quickly followed her from the room of the detectives. "I shall not detain you more than a minute. But I must speak with you."

She turned a somewhat fearful face toward him and said:

"Perhaps it is not best, Mr. Spenser."

"And why not? You do not believe me criminal?"

"No! no! I know you are not."

"Come into the parlor a moment," he said, taking her irresolute hand.

Helen's fingers rested softly in his close grasp as he drew her forward to a seat on the sofa, finding no room for himself except very near her.

She quietly withdrew her hand as she queried:

"And now, Mr. Spenser?"

"Is it fair to ask what your errand was with the officers?"

"It concerned me, I know. You wished to inquire about me, you could have had no other errand."

"And if I did? Was it more than common friendliness?"

She had unwittingly asked a leading question, to which he hastened to reply:

"Yes, it was more—much more! At least I believe—I hope—why should you interest yourself in me? And that is not all."

"What more is there?"

"You would have concealed it from me. It was but by chance that I heard of it."

"Of what, Mr. Spenser?"

"Of the fact that I owe my liberty to you," he cried enthusiastically. "I have learned that you are the unknown friend who provided my bail. O, Helen, can I ever repay you for this act of kindness?"

"I could not bear to see my music teacher go to prison," she softly replied.

"If he had he would have made his prison a palace with thoughts of you," was his warm answer, as he sought to possess himself again of her reluctant hand. "Your belief in my innocence; your kind, dear trust in me—"

"I had no reason to doubt you," she replied. "You must not make a virtue of so slight a trustfulness."

"It is not that alone," he began, but she interrupted him, by saying:

"I must be going now, Mr. Spenser."

"Give me but a moment more. I was unwittingly an eaves-dropper just now. I heard you speak of Mr. Williamson."

"Is he indeed my enemy? Why is he so?"

"I cannot answer."

"I know him well. He is always so pleasant to me. Why I met him but yesterday, and he was as genial as ever."

"Then he is a hypocrite!" she exclaimed, "for he has sought to injure you in my estimation. He has spoken of you as—"

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a cloak of sadness about her, I would jump into the Schynkill, and put an end to Jack Bounce at one bounce. That is my answer, Will."

Will had no answer to make, but seemed full of deep thought.

Meanwhile, Miss Milton went slowly downstairs. Near the bottom of the stairs she met a young gentleman coming up.

She lifted her head in a heavy manner, and

encountered a pair of brown eyes fixed earnestly upon her. A strange feeling affected her as she looked eagerly into the face before her.

It was unknown to her, yet there was something that set her brain in a whirl which it had not known for many days. Who was it? To whom did those eyes belong? She asked herself continually, as the handsome face photographed itself on her brain, like a picture from that far past in which all the joy of her life resided.

And Harry Spenser went up the stairs with a feeling like that of the mariner, who has caught a fleeting glimpse of the Fortunata Islands, on which fate forbids him to land.

CHAPTER XXI

DICK'S CAT GETTING OUT OF THE BAG.

MR. WILLIAMSON was taking a quiet stroll in Chestnut street that same afternoon when his quick eyes encountered a face that gave him a sudden start. He looked again keenly into the fine but sad womanly features before him.

He then quietly turned away, as if not wishing to be seen himself, and affected to be deeply interested in a store-window.

"She here!" he said to himself, in deep surprise.

"What could have brought her from Boston?" She who has been almost a hermit, I can think of but one cause: some new illusion about her son."

He followed her until he saw her enter the Continental Hotel.

"So far well," he thought. "She is safe for the present, but I must know what her object is. She cannot be on the true track? Yet who knows? The best-made work may drop to pieces from the loss of a screw. I wish Parker was here now. There seems to be some bad luck about everything in which that fellow is engaged. I must write to him at once. And now I had best see Mother Ship-ton."

This resolution was suddenly taken, and he turned with a rapid step to execute it. Sharp as he was, he had failed to observe two persons who had watched the whole by-play of his recent movements. One of these was Ned Hogan, with his sign hung out in the shape of his inevitable meershaum. The other was Dick Darling, well marked by a peculiar feature of his attire. The frequent wettings his new suit had received had proved too much for its powers of resistance. It had shrunk upon him until now the clothes seemed a part of his skin, and the unsolved mystery was how he had got into them, and how he was ever going to get out of them. Dick could not have answered his question, as he had not been out of his clothes since his last two dips overboard.

"Now's our time," he said quickly. "That cove's my game. Wish I knewed who the woman was. Let's arter him; I think there's somethin' afoot."

"Who is he, Dick?" asked Hogan, anxiously, as he followed the eager boy down the opposite side of the street to that pursued by Williamson.

"He's the bit of bacon that I've got in my pickled barrel, and that I'm going to salt down, sure. I won't let nobody that I ain't bought and paid for, Hogan, but I kalkerate I'll soon own this chap."

"Is he one of the men whom you fancy to be connected with the counterfeiting business?"

"Yes. And with another business that's about as deep and wide. It's gettin' ripe. I'll be ready to knock my apples off the tree in a day or two now."

"I hope you are not making a fool of me, Dick, warned Hogan, doubtfully. "If you are, I'll be burst if I don't smash my pipe over your thundering busy head."

"All right, Ned Hogan. I'll give you some pints before half-an-hour that might open your eyes. Wait till we hole our game. Did you ever see sich a fit as them trowsers?"

Dick indeed had some trouble in his locomotion in consequence of his excessively tight fit. Hogan laughed as he looked down at the boy's attenuated legs.

"How are you ever going to get them off, Dick?"

"That's what's a-troublin' me," confessed Dick, dubiously. "Feared I'll have to be melted down and run out them."

They had now kept within full view of Williamson for several squares. The streets here became less frequented and they found it advisable to fall further back, barely keeping him in sight.

"We are on the track of somethin'," announced Dick. "I've followed this cove twenty times afore, and I've noticed whenever he's on some deep lay, he's just as cautious as a fox. Look how he keeps his eyes goin'. He cotched me once at it. Bet he don't again."

They were now in a very disreputable part of the city. There were here a number of small streets noted for the horrible filth and iniquity of their inmates—the leprous spot in a great city.

Williamson turned quickly into one of these streets, after glancing warily around. His two pursuers ran rapidly forward to the corner of the street in which he had disappeared.

He was just entering a tumble-down frame house—or hut would be a better name—about half-way down the street.

"You stay here, Dick," said Hogan. "I will find out who lives there."

He advanced and entered into conversation with the officer who had charge of this very unpleasant beat.

It was ten minutes before he returned.

"I'll swear I don't know what a well-dressed man like him wants in such a hole," he averred.

"Mebbe I know who lives there," answered Dick.

"Oh, an outrageous old cove," answered the folks in these parts christen Mother Shipton. She makes her money by begging, or generally by sending some baby out to whine for her. She is said to be never short of a new baby, if one happens to drop off."

"Then she's my meat!" cried Dick, joyfully. "It's a hundred-dollar job we've struck to-day. I'll let you inter what I'm arter soon, Hogan. Jist take another short walk with me."

Ned grew somewhat restive over Dick's persistent mysteriousness. But he was excessively anxious to know what the boy was after, and Dick would not let out a word; so he perforce accompanied him.

They way led now to Arch street, and ended at the hotel patronized by the government detectives.

"Mist'ers Bounce and Frazer in?" asked Dick, in his independent manner, of the clerk.

"I don't know," was that individual's short

answer. "You might find them in their room."

"Come ahead then, Hogan. I've blazed the way before."

"You will find them in the rear parlor on the second floor," said a waiter who stood near the clerk's desk. "They have company."

"Oh, that makes no odds to me," replied Dick. "If they kin stand the pressure of company, I kin."

"Who are these men, Dick?" asked Hogan, as they ascended the stairs.

"A pair of my detectives."

"A pair of what?"

"A brace of government chaps. You oughter know them."

"But what do you want with them?"

"Why, you don't kalkerate I kin put all my jobs through with one? Got too much bizness on hand for that. Things is gettin' ripe, Hogan; that's why I'm goin' to interduce you. Want you all now."

Before Hogan could ask any more questions, Dick had abruptly opened the door of the parlor in question, and walked in, suddenly breaking off a close conference between Harry Spenser and the officers.

"Back ag'in, you see," was his free-and-easy greeting. "How do, Mr. Spenser. Didn't spect to catch you here."

"I wish you had been back a half-hour sooner," said Jack.

"What for?—but stop jist a minit. Want to interduce you to Mr. Edward Hogan. He's one of Pinkerton's—Mr. Hogan, this is Mr. Jack Bounce and Mr. Will Frazer; two gentlemen in government service. Hope you'll know one another."

This introduction was made with great grandiloquence of tone, and a graceful wave of the hand.

Dick, however, hardly gave them time to acknowledge his formal introduction before he was at them again with questions.

"What did you want me for a half an hour ago?"

"The Boston party—"

"There, that will do. Drop it right there," ejaculated Dick, with a quick glance at Spenser. "The Boston job will keep. Tain't that we're runnin' now. Got a little pressin' bizness with you officers. Ain't interruptin' you?" he asked Harry.

"No. We were about through," replied the latter, with a smile at Dick's peremptory manner.

"When does that little affair come up?"

"What little affair?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"You oughter know, as long as its your job—that little trial bizness."

"Oh! my trial? Now, I was ridiculous enough to fancy that a matter of some importance."

"Yes; folks will be ridic'ous," was Dick's cool reply. "Tain't much longside some jobs I'm runnin'."

"That trifling affair will take place to-morrow," confessed Harry.

"The blazes it will!" was Dick's energetic answer. "That won't do, no how. Can't you boost her over? Slide her on a few days more?"

"Spect to have some witnesses for you, but ain't got them ready yet."

"It might be done," returned Harry, smiling. "The courts will not stand long over so small a matter."

"Do your putiest," demanded Dick, positively. "You'll find I ain't in fun. I've got the trumps in my hand to save you from Cherry Hill; but they ain't quite ready to play yet."

"I shall do my best, then, Dick."

"All right. Got through your bizness here?"

"I think so."

"S'pose then you vamose the ranche. I don't like to be imperille, but I've got some very private words for these gentlemen's ears."

"Very well, Dick," and Harry laughed approvingly. "It is always better to be asked out than to be kicked out."

"Don't know 'bout that. Been asked out of places myself in a way that was ten degrees worse than a kick."

As soon as the door closed Dick turned to the officers, who had been much amused by this conversation.

"Now let's hear 'bout Bosting," he said.

"Didn't want Harry Spenser to hear it."

"Boston is all right," answered Jack. "Mrs. Milton has been found; and, what is more, she is here now, and excessively anxious to have an interview with you."

"That's the way with women; they're too cur'us. Why couldn't she stay in Bosting till she was sent for?"

"Suppose you were lost, Dick, and your mother was seeking for you. Do you think she could rest quiet and wait our slow movements?"

"I'm feared she'd say it was a mighty good riddance," answered Dick, with a grimace.

"My good pints ain't never appreciated."

Hogan laughed heartily at Dick's answer.

"That is so," he added; "and now how about that business?"

"Wait till we git through with Bosting; one

roast tater at a time is 'nough. Jist tell Mrs. Milton that I ain't visible yet. An' tell her, if she wants to amuse herself waitin', she mought 'tend the trial of one Harry Spenser for counterfeitin'. Tell her to keep her eyes open and see if she reckermises anybody in the court."

"All right," said Jack.

"And how to biz."

He helped himself to a chair beside the center table, and deliberately drew several papers from his pocket, which he spread out upon the table.

"Look at that, Ned Hogan. Ever see it afore?"

It was the torn envelope of a letter he pushed toward Hogan.

"Why, it is addressed to me," cried the latter, in surprise.

"That's so. Know the writin'?"

"It is familiar. Yes, it is the envelope of the letter I received from Chester, telling me that Harry Spenser would go there the next day, and have a conference with a red-haired man. This was the first hint of his being connected with the counterfeiters. The letter put me on his track."

"And the envelope put me on a better track. It was a sharp game they played to send him on a fool's errand to Chester, and you after him; and while he was gone old Sol Sly, of South street, stuffed a pack of counterfeiters in his drawers. You see, I twig the whole game."

The officers looked at each other, with the light of a dawning intelligence in their eyes.

"And how about the medal that you say Sol stole?" asked Will.

"Got it here," responded Dick, tapping his pocket. "Worked a little traverse on them."

"Spenser had a long conference with the red-haired man at Chester," Hogan declared.

"Know all about that," interrupted Dick.

"T weren't counterfeitin'. Tell you sometime, soon, 'twas about."

"Very well. Come back to the envelope, then."

"You folks oughter be good judges of writin'. Put that and that together, and see what you make of them."

He pushed an open letter beside the envelope.

The officers bent closely over them for a minute.

"They are undoubtedly the same handwriting," declared Jack, in a positive manner. "There is attempt at disguise here."

"There was in the letter, though," said Dick. "S'pose he thought nobody's save an envelope. Didn't know Dick Darling was 'bout."

"Go on, Dick. This is getting interesting."

"Got a little story to tell you," and Dick, spread himself before the three curious officers.

"You see I knowed Harry Spenser, and when I seeed that letter tryin' to git him snatched, I bet to myself it was writ by one of the gang—one that didn't like him. Now I happened in a stationary store in Chestnut street, a day or two afore, when a stranger come in to order some paper. He took some envelopes with him, and had a curious water mark. I know they talked a good deal 'bout it, and he wanted the paper of the same kind. Jist hold that envelope ag'in the light."

"I see," said Jack: "an eagle with a serpent in his claws."

"Precise! Wonder if I won't turn out the eagle and him the snake. When Ned Hogan got the letter, I seeed that the envelope looked like the same; so I jist looked through it, and twigged the eagle and snake."

"And what followed?"

"I did—I follered to the stationary store, and follered him off with the paper. He shook me, but I got on a lay that pulled me through. I ould be were a friend of Sol Sly, and that he were after the same gal with Harry Spenser. And I knowed that jealousy was a reg'lar tiger. Been to the theater, and seen Ottheller."

"And there got your education in jealousy," suggested Jack, with a laugh.

"Got some pints," retorted Dick, in a dignified tone. "Well, I got you to writ to that gentleman and 'point a interview. Only wanted his handwritin'. That's it."

"And who is Andrew Williamson?" asked Will, his eyes full of absorbing interest.

"He's a lawyer at Fourth and Walnut. And that ain't all. He's head cook of these counterfeiters, or else I'm the cheapest sold Jack that ever went off for a penny."

"You haven't told all you know?"

"Not by a jug full. I'm only waitin' to nail Andy Williamson so tight that the law can't drag him through. I know the headquarters of the gang is at Chester. I know he got a package of notes by express from Chester, which he set adrift on the market. And, finally, I know jist where the queer stuff is manufactured, and I'm only waitin' for the king bee to get in the hive afore I snatch the whole caboodle!"

Dick had risen to his feet as he approached this climax, and his last sentence was given with a grandiloquent eloquence that would have shamed the best of curb-stone orators.

"Well, if this is true," cried Hogan, with excited energy, "I'll be hanged if the boy isn't worth a dozen of us old stagers!"

"True! Got any doubt of it?" asked Dick, appealing to the government officers.

As you tell it, Dick, I feel as if you are indeed on the track," declared Jack Bounce.

"I'm on it so sound that a dozen locomotives couldn't knock me off. That's what I want Spenser's trial put off for. Want to wait till Williamson goes to Chester, and then spring the trap on the whole gang. And I want you three folks, and about half-a-dozen more, to take a hand in it. Best bring a few bullets, and a trifle of gunpowder too. It'll make 'em hot work."

"I tell you what," put in Will Frazer, quickly, "there's the steam yacht at the Navy Yard. I can get the use of that and its crew."

"That's the dodge!" cried Dick, with a joyful intonation. "Want you to bespeak it this very day. Can't tell what night we mought want it. When the iron get's hot we've got to strike. And hard, too."

"All right. I shall see that it is ready."

"And now, feller-citizens," said Dick, with a comical look at his garments, "I ain't been in the bosom of my family for a week, and ain't had these trowsers off for 'bout the same time. Want to get a good hold with my boot-jack 'bout my waist, and see if I can't peel."

"Those clothes are not fit for you to wear," suggested Jack, after the laugh had subsided. "Why don't you get a new pair of pants?"

"Ain't got no generous friend in the clothin' line, responded Dick. "And money's kinder run down with me."

"Oh! that's the state of affairs! Here is a ten, Dick. Help yourself to a new rig."

Dick took the money with scant thanks, and he departed, leaving the officers in a deep consultation.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 383.)

Stories of a Pulman Car.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

III.

KIDNAPPING A KIDNAPPER.

[THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.]

My business is (or was) that of a private detective—that is, I get my income by working up cases as you might say "upon my own hook." Sometimes I used to take up a case entirely on my own responsibility, maybe one that had got into the papers and some point of which struck my mind and gave me a clue that had escaped the regular detectives; often parties applied to me directly, and I have not infrequently been successful where the professionals had entirely failed. It is about a case of the latter kind I am going to tell you. Here are the circumstances:

A gentleman doing business in the city, but living with his family (consisting of an elegant and accomplished wife and a beautiful little boy) on a fine country place up the river, came home one evening to find the lady nearly distracted over the loss of her child. The little fellow had disappeared that afternoon and inquiry revealed the fact that he had been persuaded away from his companions by a gentleman who was cross-eyed and who had taken him out on the river for a row. The children who had been with him were questioned over and over again, but this was all they could tell. The matter was put into the hands of the police and every effort made to discover

the child, but months had already passed and no clue obtained.

Mr. Stuart came to me himself one morning just as I was leaving my house. He looked pale and careworn. Plainly the suspense he was about the child was wearing upon him.

"If I could only know definitely that Arthur was dead," he said, "I think it would be a relief. But this suspense is terrible. It will kill my poor wife."

Then he fairly broke down and there were tears in his eyes as he continued, "Only find my child for me, Mr. Brockton, and I'll give you any sum you name; even prove to me that he is dead and I will be thankful."

The case had interested me from the beginning, and I took it up willingly. I made Mr. Stuart go over the whole thing with me, omitting not the slightest particular. Then I went up with him to his country place and collected every bit of evidence I could find there. All was just as it had been stated already to the regular police; only I got hold of some little additional testimony that had escaped them. I had inquired in the neighborhood what was the nearest place to hire a row-boat, and was told I could get one only by going five miles up the river. By questioning one of the children more intelligent than the rest, I learned that the cross-eyed gentleman had come from up the river and that his boat had a blue plank on it. Off I went up the river to Plimpsoll's landing where I had been directed.

Of old Plimpsoll I learned that he had had a boat with a blue streak, but he had disposed of it some weeks before. He did not remember having let it out at the time of the kidnapping, but directed me to his son, Plimpsoll, jr., was a stupid kind of fellow, and I despaired of getting any information of importance from him.

To my surprise, however, no sooner did I put the question about the boat than he flushed up suddenly and then declared he remembered nothing about it. I said nothing more, but when he went out presently, I followed him back something. "Well so I did," he answered at once, "and if it's anything to you I'd just as lief tell you, only you mustn't let on to the old man. There was just such a gent as you describe took the boat one afternoon last June. The reason I denied it was because he overpaid me, and I kept the money myself."

"What did he give you?" I asked.

"He gave me two dollars—two brand-new one-dollar bills. I remember well wondering how he came by two ones, evidently just out of a bank away out in an Iowa town."

"Do you remember the name of the town?"

"No, but I should if I heard it spoken."

I took him across the street to the Post-Office, asked for a list of the established Post-Offices, and read over to him those in Iowa. When I came to C— he stopped me at once, and said that was the place, sure.

This was all the extra information I obtained; but to my mind it was important. Two small bills, issued by a bank in a distant town, could not have separated and then come together again in New York. They must have travelled from C— together, and to my mind it was more than probable that the man in whose possession they were in New York was he who had brought them from Iowa. True, he might have received them from some body else, just as young Plimpsoll did; but I chose not to think so. In a case so blind and baffling, even so slight a clue as this was not to be despised. I resolved to set off for C— at once—on a wild-goose chase, probably; but it was the only chance that seemed to offer. Mr. Stuart agreed with me that the clue should be followed up, though he had little hope of my success.

The very night I started West; three days later, early in the morning, I crossed the Mississippi into Iowa, and stopping at D— just long enough to see a lawyer to whom I had letters, and to get an introduction from him to the Mayor of C—, I pushed on that very night. C— was a small town, directly upon one of the principal railroads. It was late at night when I got there, and I went straight to the only respectable hotel in the place, engaging a room for an indefinite period—saying that I might be there a day or a week.

The next forenoon I called upon the Mayor, representing myself as having some money which I thought of investing in Iowa lands. He took me out in his buggy to view the country, and as we were coming back at my request we stopped at the only bank in the place. While standing there chatting with the cashier, I said carelessly, "By the way, Mr. Ringgold, I met a gentleman in the train the other day—indeed, it was he who induced me to come to C—, and he recommended your bank to me, and spoke very highly of yourself as well—do you know who he could have been—a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking person, but badly cross-eyed? He told me his name, but I forget it now. He spoke of having land to dispose of."

"Oh, you mean Jeffries," replied the cashier at once. "He flatters us all, right and left. I didn't know he was round here just now. He doesn't belong here—visits his sister, Mrs. Hammond, quite frequently, though. It must be land of hers that he has for sale."

"When did you see him last?"

"He was here a while in July. I believe he had some kind of domestic trouble, and separated from his wife. He came here to put his little boy under his sister's care."

I saw that Mr. Ringgold's curiosity was on the point of being roused, so I changed the subject as well as I could. But I had heard enough to assure me that I was in all probability on the right track.

I lost no time in cultivating Mrs. Hammond's acquaintance. I learned that she was a widow, living alone with her little nephew and one servant. I took good care to go to the Recorder's office and post myself about her property; then I presented myself to her front gate.

I found Mrs. Hammond to be a perfect lady, and I had not talked with her five minutes before I made up my mind that, if there was any fraud, she was no party to it. I stated my pretended business, and actually entered into negotiations for the purchase of certain lands which I had already learned she was anxious to dispose of. We talked the thing over for some time, and finally I rose to go, having made an appointment to see her again on the morrow. Just as I reached the door, I turned again and inquired if a certain Mr. Jeffries whom I had met recently in New York was not her brother. She answered that he was, and asked when I had met him there. I said I did not recollect exactly, but believed it was about four weeks ago. She seemed surprised.

"Why, that can hardly be," she said. "He has been at Salt Lake City since the middle of July, engaged with a mine in which he is interested."

This was just what I wanted to know. I corrected myself by saying that, now I came to think of it, it must have been in June that I met Mr. Jeffries.

"Oh, yes," she said, "he was East in June, but had not been since then."

I was just turning a second time to go, when, to my great satisfaction, a childish voice was heard in the other room, and then a door opened and there appeared to my delighted eyes—Arthur Stuart!

I had never seen the boy in my life, but I knew him at once from the photograph in my possession. I waited for no more, but hurried away, congratulating myself upon having thus readily, and I might say providentially, traced the stolen child, and looking forward with pardonable pride and satisfaction to the moment when I should restore him to his afflicted parents.

I went back to the hotel and telegraphed at once to Roberts. Roberts was my right-hand man, for in my business, you know, one can't always work alone. You can't be in two places at once. I told him to come on at once. What I wanted of him was to watch Arthur Stuart, while I went after Jeffries. My first impulse had been to take the boy at once back to his father. But if I did that, Jeffries would probably be informed of it, and I should lose him. So I sent for Roberts to stay by the boy and say nothing, while I went on to Salt Lake.

A week after this I found myself in a little town, right in the center of the mining district to the south of Brigham Young's imperial city. I had no difficulty at all in getting my eye on my man, but a great deal in



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Sunshine Papers.

Where the Difference Is.

THERE is a radical difference, somewhere, between the moral characteristics of men and women; and I am inclined to believe that it may be explained by accepting the hypothesis of a preponderance of soul on the male side. Women have nerves, and feelings, and whims, and creeds, and presentiments; but souls—bah! Any man of ordinary intelligence has more soul than six women of his same grade in life!

Now, mind, I am speaking of men and women as two distinct bodies; not of them individually; exceptions prove rules good, and, no doubt, an occasional whole-souled, generous, liberal, large-spirited woman does exist; but, dealing in generalities, how do women compare with men in all those moral attributes that prove the existence of a genial, loyal, unselfish, kindly spirit?

Ask a woman if she thinks another woman beautiful, or attractive, or lovable, or good. Will she concede the point, freely, warmly, unhesitatingly? Never! A feminine soul is too narrow to concede unqualified praise to one of its own sex; if praise is awarded at all it will be with a "but" in the case. Oh, yes; she is nice, but— To find a woman who has good taste, or is accomplished, or is entertaining, never inquire of a woman; you will be sure not to hear the truth. Ask a man concerning a man, and instead of hearing him defame, or spoken of with suggestive indifference or contempt, you will get a just description or a flat-headed one. Men have among their own sex their warmest defenders and admirers; for they are not afraid to acknowledge of each other the possession of beauty, brains, and uprightness.

Has a woman who has committed any moral or social misdemeanor, ever a chance to redeem her past, however sincere her repentance may be? Never! The stain must always cling to her, and blight her every effort to regain position and success and respect, for no one of her own sex who has ever heard of her, will allow her to forget it. And if she seek to live among strangers the purer future she could not attain among acquaintances, and a breath of her past flout to the ears of her neighbors, she is immediately crushed with womanly scorn and unkindness. Men would help her, and accord her the restored favor and charity she seeks, but man's esteem is only a detrimental element when their wives and daughters refuse to countenance their divine generosity.

But a man can come back to the social world from the walls of a prison, the stain of cold, calculating, deliberate crime attached to his name, and find his brother men ready to "give him another chance." There will be open roads to every kind of success awaiting the man who has erred, for he deals with men, and men have souls; but the woman who has once deviated from the straight path of probity and honor had better pray for Divine compassion and speedy death; women are her judges and foes, and there can be none so merciless and cruel.

Was there ever, between women, such friendships as exist between men and men? A man who is a man's friend once, is always to a degree, held in sacred memory. He may be disloyal, but he will be defended and his faults forgotten. But, let a woman offend her woman friend, and no confidences that have ever passed between them but will be violated and misrepresented, and no hatred will be more implacable.

Do you displease a man, a friend or employer, he says what there is to say upon the subject, and the matter is put away and forgotten; but if you cross the will or pleasure of a woman she makes you as uncomfortable as possible, as long as possible, and never forgets the circumstance, but uses it as an effectual taunt on every succeeding occasion of difference.

This strange disparity between men and women, as regard their moral attributes, must, I repeat, arise from a lack of soul in the feminine sex, which renders it impossible for them to rise above petty jealousies, envyings, meanesses, and bigotries. But having found the cause of the difference, *who will attempt a cure?*

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A NEIGHBORLY NEIGHBOR.

HAVING told you of my unneighborly neighbor, it is but just to introduce her opposite, and show that the remembrance of kindness and gentleness to a child will live as long as those of a contrary nature. My neighborly neighbor was, to me, one of the comforts of my young life. She seemed to believe in children, and that they had their rights as well as grown people. She always treated me as though I was of some consequence in the world—was always glad to see me—and made my visits to her so pleasant that I was ever glad to go again.

She didn't "snub" me. I never liked to have people "snub" me. I don't now!

She was poor, but she wasn't continually and eternally growling over that poverty, as though every one in created nature was to blame for it. And she was thankful for all that was given her. "Just exactly what I wanted," was always her pleasant reply upon receiving a gift, and surely, to hear such pleasant words uttered in so pleasant a manner, were thanks enough.

She always seemed to enter into my joys and sorrows—children *do* have their sorrows—and would tell me of the days when she was young. She seldom gave advice, but when she did it was good, sound, sensible and practicable. She wanted to persuade, rather than to drive people into good behavior. She was a sufferer at times from severe sickness, and when people would visit her, with coffin-like faces, and drone forth on the miseries of life and the afflictions put upon humanity, she would appear to draw the coffin-nails out by saying, "Well, let us not complain; it will not last forever."

No, it will not last forever! There will come a time when there shall be no more pain, suffering, sin or poverty; but it will be in a brighter world than this.

My neighborly neighbor believed in the beauties of the world. She could love poetry, music and painting without considering such things beyond her reach because she was poor, and she could love flowers without being accused of making idols of them.

She was religious, but her religion did not teach her that she was better than anyone else; it did not teach her that God would chide her because her disposition was cheerful and her heart was full of merriment—merriment that does not mean foolishness.

And now let me tell you about another thing concerning this dear friend of my childhood. She had never been married. Yes, she was an "old-maid," and that must prove that some old-maids can be as happy as wives and mothers. You may think she would have been happier had her lot been with some good man. Had you known her you would not have thought so. She was contented, and content is happiness, you must acknowledge; are all *wives* contented? I don't think riches would have made her more contented. So, my dear friends, don't be too hasty to get rich and to get married. Poverty and old-maidism are not the worst things in this world; they do not contribute all the misery of this mundane sphere any more than wealth and matrimony are certain to insure the happiness of mortality.

My friend made but few visits, for the state of her health would not allow her to do so, but when she *did* make them they were pleasant ones, for she wasn't always finding fault. She entered into another's feelings at once, and never found fault with the bridge that carried her over. I used to think if she was so beautiful in her old age, what must she have been in her youth. Maybe it was her disposition that made her face seem so beautiful to me. A sour disposition makes a sour face, I think, and *vice versa*, don't you think so?

When she died I felt grieved for my loss but glad for her gain. I have never had any but pleasant thoughts of her, since some of the most pleasant hours of my life were passed in her company. Had she lived, she would have been a very old woman now, but to me she would never seem older.

She had naught to leave but her good name, but I wish I could have inherited her disposition, so that, as I go down the incline of life, I shall be as patient, willing and resigned as she was.

Her name? It is written in the great Book of Life, in the Heaven where I hope you and I will see it, some day. I know it will be among the brightest on the pages. It has always seemed to me to belong more to Heaven than to earth, hence I name it now. It is her disposition I want you to have.

How great a contrast I can see between my two neighbors—the unneighborly and neighborly. Of all memories none are more disagreeable than the former, and none more sweet than the latter, for it was *her* life that was worth the living.

Ah, if we would lead as good a one, it would be better for the world, yourself and

EVE LAWLESS.

A TRAVELER, who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish, and it seems even more beautiful than Sterne's beautiful figures of the accusing spirit and recording angel. "Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is well done is well done forever. When he does evil he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims: 'Gracious Allah, I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."

Foolsap Papers.

Cook Book.

AMONG my recent valuable contributions to literature my new Cook Book is the best. It is very highly exciting, and is selling at the rate of ten hundred to the thousand, or as fast as booksellers can make the change. It is certainly one of the blessings of the age. Everything that a hungry soul needs is to be found there, and if starving tramps can only get hold of the book they are amply satisfied. The mere reading of it is as good as a feast. Landladies have ordered dozens of copies of it and are making more money than ever. All they have to do is to put one at each plate and there is no need of scraping up hash. The boarders take their seats at the table, open the book and begin to read—they read until they are satisfied and then go away picking their teeth, with more in their stomachs than they have been in the habit of having. The landlady does not charge them extra either, and they have assured me that as yet they have had but few thoughts of raising the board soon.

Such charming reading does this book afford that it has almost stopped the sale of exciting novels and romances, and people are so anxious to get it that some of them actually steal it.

I am afraid I will have much to answer for that book. The powers in the present European war have ordered barrels of the books expressly for the commissary departments. Industrious young ladies lay aside their work at the piano just to read it, and wives almost neglect to sew a button on, or darn a sock in their avidity to gobble it.

This book is excellent when cold, and differs in many respects from all other cook books, and will not spoil in any climate. It is bound in veal. One copy, three dollars; two copies, ten dollars; three copies, twenty dollars; no copy, thirty dollars. Agents wanted. One hundred dollars a day made in your own town.

I offer a few of the extracts. These receipts are all practicable, as I gathered them up while boarding around. They all are warranted to cure the worst case of dyspepsia in two minutes, and one man writes that the book gave his poor relatives all such appetites that he is now raving mad.

TO MAKE HASH.—Borrow fifty cents and get a roast of beef for once in your life. Order your husband to make a hot fire in the kitchen. Chase the kittens out and put the meat on to boil; dance at the looking-glass to see how much you have changed for the better since you looked at yourself the last time; put more wood in the stove and look over the latest fashion magazine; lie down and take a short nap, and wake up and dash the children; peel some potatoes, and ask your husband about that new dress which he has not promised yet. Try the meat with a fork; if done, cut off a good slice and eat it. Take the meat out, put in wooden bowl with the potatoes, hunt all over the house for chopping-knife; send your husband out to saw wood, and chop the mass up thoroughly. If there are any old buckles or hairpins in take them out—they dull the knife; comb it; add seasoning; yell at husband for more wood. I've left onions out of the receipt, but don't leave them out of the hash. Wipe your face on your apron, and stew the hash until husband gets tired of waiting and begins to growl; give him a lecture and serve hot. (Don't tell this to anybody.)

WHITEHOIRN CAKE.—Take one quart cornmeal if you have it; three eggs all at once—chickens or no chickens; crack sweetly and look as pleasant as you can; borrow pint of sour-milk of your neighbor; tell your visitor who comes in that you have the best husband in the world; create considerable of a stir in the mess; add some saleratus and lard; kiss your husband sweetly; put in some salt; stir the fire yourself and put into the oven to bake. I was raised six feet on that kind of cake—pome you honor.

TO MAKE CUSTARD PIES.—Send husband all around town for eggs and wait patiently till he happens to come back; break one or two over his head; pull off the shells of three or four; beat them until they yell enough; get your crock of cream; drink a pint of it to see if it is sweet; add cup of sugar, taking care to remove the lumps and eat them; look out the window to see that strange lady passing; put in nutmeg and spice, and do up your back-hair; then get your crust ready; take a look out of the front-door; come back and chase the children away from drinking the custard; make up your pies and put them in the oven which is heated seven times colder than hot, as is usually the case; tramp on the dog's tail and fix the fire; bake till done, then set them on the window to cool, where the children can get at them when you go into the other room to begin where you left off in that last novel you borrowed. (This receipt is a profound secret; so you may divulge it to your neighbor.)

PINT CAKE.—Take one pint flour, one pint sugar, one pint of very weak butter—not strong, one pint of eggs—never mind shells, pint of salt; pint of raisins to raise it, and bake in the neighborhood of a fire.

OYSTERS will soon spoil after you open the can, therefore you should eat them without opening the can—if you can.

GOOSEBERRY-JAM.—Take one spoonful of gooseberries; add one quart sugar, then put in a little sweetening; gill of water; something to remove the sour; put them on the stove to stew and put in a cup of sugar to make them palatable; stir awhile and add a pint of molasses to remove the acidity, and a cup of sugar if you have it handy; boil ten minutes, and in case they may not be sweet, drop in some sugar and run away; come back and taste to see how sour they are and put in some saccharine matter; sweeten to suit the taste, and serve with plenty of sugar.

LIGHT BISCUIT.—Make them so small that they won't weigh sixteen ounces to the pound nor count twelve to the dozen.

TO MAKE BETTER COFFEE.—Boil the coffee mill ten minutes; there may be some little coffee in it, and you will have better coffee than you are usually having.

TO MAKE MINCE PIES.—Get your mince-meat ready; pour out a small wine-glass of brandy; set it on the table; get your pie made; put on the top crust and forget to put in the brandy; don't throw it out; I really can't tell you what you should do with it. Don't waste it. If I was there we might hold a council of war over it, but don't swallow the glass—don't!

WASHINGTON WHITEHORSE.

THERE is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dewdrops exhale; the garlands of hope, scattered and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere noon, the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the twilight, the night.

Topics of the Time.

—In the Black Hills greenbacks are worth eleven dollars more on the hundred than gold dust.

—The Russian naval flag is a purple St. Andrew's cross on a white ground. The Turkish flag is a crescent on a red ground.

—The pay of all the Government employees at Constantinople has been reduced 50 per cent. till the war is over.

—The King of Spain, it is now reported, will be married to his cousin, Maria de las Mercedes, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, in October. The young lady has just completed her seventeenth year, and the King of Spain is three years her senior.

—In Paris there is a local charity which distributes clean sheets once a month among poor families, taking away those used the previous month. It is proposed to extend the favor to a general loaning of clean clothing, the charity being really in effect a free laundry.

—The large foreign trade of California in fruits and wines becomes no mystery when it is known that the State has 3,890,000 fruit trees and 85,000,000 grapevines, and harvests from 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 pounds of fruit yearly. She produces a large surplus, and foreign trade follows, as a matter of course.

—The Russian shores of the Black Sea are infested by a plague of venomous spiders, whose bite causes pain for several days, and in some cases even fatal. It is supposed that a diminution of the birds and insects which ordinarily feed on these animals has caused their appearance in such numbers.

—A young man being attacked by Indians near Fort Fetterman, took a position in a place that was surrounded by rocks, and defended himself for two days. He was wounded thirteen times, and at last killed. A photograph of a girl inscribed "Mamie" was the only thing found on him by which he may be identified.

—Dr. Erasmus Wilson, the first authority in England on cutaneous disorders, has been investigating the number of hairs in a square inch of the human head, and estimates that there are on an average about 1,000. Taking the superficial area of the head at 120 square inches, this gives about 120,000 hairs for the entire head.

—A young lady in Newton County, Georgia, is possessed by a strange monomania. She fancies herself a baby, and has not spoken a word in several years, although her powers of conversation used to be of an order higher than the average. Notwithstanding this absurd hallucination, she is inconsistent enough to read the Bible and write letters.

—Steamers plying the Yellowstone at a good stage of water can run up to the coal and put out a ton of coal in less than an hour, and the fuel is uncovered and perfectly available. Boats returning empty from the upper waters can take on two or three hundred tons in a few hours, and by utilizing this deposit there may be made a large saving to the Government with little labor and a trifling expense.

In the last twenty-one years the Sydney mint in Australia has coined and issued more than 37,000,000 sovereigns, and the Melbourne mint has coined and issued nearly 7,000,000 sovereigns since it was opened to the public in 1872. These two branch mints together coined and issued in 1876 as many as 3,337,000 sovereigns, which is a larger number than the sovereigns coined in the year at the mint in London.

A newspaper correspondent writes from Nantucket that there are on the island many families, consisting of four or five members, who rent nice houses, and have their own gardens, and are in happy and contented circumstances, and for one dollar a day; in not a few cases, for seventy-five to ninety cents a day. This includes food, clothing, and everything, even schooling for the children, who are carefully brought up.

—In that part of the Black Forest belonging to the Grand Duchy of Baden lies the pretty district of Koenigsfeld, containing 410 inhabitants. During fifty years there have been in it no crimes nor misdemeanors of any sort—neither transgressions of the police regulations, nor sheriff's sales, nor illegitimate births, nor divorces, nor lawsuits of any kind. Moreover, in these last fifty years at Koenigsfeld no one has ever got drunk or stretched out a hand to beg.

—Mr. J. R. Pierce, of Newport, New Hampshire, has adopted a form of telephone whose simplicity and cheapness brings it within the reach of all who desire such a contrivance. He has made two tin drums, one for each end of the route, which are connected by a linen string reaching from his shop to his dwelling house, a distance of forty rods. Ordinary conversation at the house can be distinctly heard at the shop, and *vice versa*. Music from a violin and other instruments can also be transmitted without the loss of a single note.

—There are 14,441 persons in England members of the Society of Friends. Last year they numbered 14,253, so that they have slightly increased of late. Of 95 members who married last year, 40 were united to persons not belonging to their society, and these mixed marriages are probably not favorable to the perpetuation of Quakerdom. There is one fact worthy of note respecting Quakers, namely, that they are a long-lived race. The rate of mortality among them is remarkably low—only 18 per 1,000 for the last year.

—Loom Hing, a brother of Ah Wing, a Baltimore laundryman whose pig-tail was pulled by Irish soldiers, deposed and said: "Sloja man, he say nothing only come upon 'n mylice bulla hip um fo; nylce bulla say nolling, does nolling; Mellican man 'e welle dam foolce; Ah Wing say 'Mellican man no kill Chinaman'; he no mine; my bulla fly find policeman take 'um wab'—all light now!" The Irishman's testimony took the form of invective. "It's a purty party that the country's comin' to when a free American citizen, an a sojour to boot, that cum tu fite fur ye, kant have a bit uv a shindy wid a haythea. Chinee widout going to the lookup fur it."

—Mr. Darwin's life is a comfortable one—he has never been obliged to fight poverty and has plenty of leisure in which to follow his chosen studies. He married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, and they live in the lovely County of Kent. Mr. Darwin's eldest son, Mr. William Darwin, is a banker at Southampton; the second, George, took high honors at Cambridge and is now a Fellow of Trinity; the third, Frank, who has inherited his father's ill-health, acts as his secretary; the fourth, Leonard, is an officer in the artillery, and distinguished himself as one of the scientific corps sent to observe the transit of Venus; the fifth, Horace, is an excellent mathematician. One married and one unmarried daughter complete a family whose constant care is to relieve its head of all possible trouble or anxiety.

—The eclipse (partial) of the sun, Aug. 8, was invisible in this country save to the inhabitants of Alaska. An interesting feature in regard to this eclipse is its relation to two eclipses that shortly follow. When the moon goes subsequently half way round in her orbit, she comes squarely into the earth's shadow, and consequently there will be a total eclipse of the moon (visible here) Aug. 23. When she completes her revolution round the earth, she will again eclipse the sun, but her apparent position to a spectator in this latitude would then be just below the sun; though, as before, the dark side of the moon being turned to us, she would be invisible. But the moon being then below instead of above the sun, the partial solar eclipse of Sept. 6, will be visible only off the lower part of the South American coast, and in South Polar regions. Three eclipses within one month's time are certainly quite as much as anybody has a right to expect; there will be none afterward till next February.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "An Old Man's Darling;" "For Life or Death;" "Hope;" "Moonlight;" "The Feast of Hands;" "Mary Mason's Conversion;" "Old but New;" "A Fanny."

Rejected: "Kiss Me, Darling;" "Lake Winnebago;" "To the Stars;" "The Squaw's Lament;" "A Summer Past;" "The Squaw's Lament;" "Purse or Heart;" "A Kissing Scrape."

JOE BALL. Milk, lemon-juice, or weak sulphuric acid. Also, solution of cobalt.

M. R. Poems really are too crude. You must study the art of verse before you can hope for success.

B. W. The poet's, we believe, are copied, and badly copied, too. If they really are yours, then they give good promise.

BOY SINGER. The song referred to was written by Mr. Rexford for this paper, and its use is a violation of our copyright.

GRO. C. The oxide of tin, or any oxide, can be dissolved, not by the acids, but by alkali. Take caustic soda. No alcohol necessary.

SESSION C. The same rules govern religious conventions that govern other assemblies. For Rules of Order and Directions for Organizing Conventions, etc., see BEADLE'S DIRECTIONS AND CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE—a very complete and eminently *practical* manual.

FARD W. Poem will have to pass to the unaccepted list; it is evident, in the rough, that you write very well for one of your age and with such slight schooling. Try ever so hard to obtain one or two years' study—May 10th, 1883, came on Sunday.

WILLIE. A lady is not expected to make advances, and the gentleman is. He is even justified in being persistent, where the lady shows a slight disinclination to his advances, for only thus can he give assurance of his earnestness and devotion. If she lays only a slight restraint on your coming, the way is open; go forward and secure your prize.

INDEX. When waiting upon a table, everything should be passed to a guest upon the left side; the reason is obvious—the right hand is thus left entirely unrestricted. It is not polite for any person to leave the table until all their acquaintances, for an urgent reason, and after being excused by the company that remain.

MOULIE V. S. asks if we think it is nice for a young lady to be always coming to her friends, concerning what they do and say, no matter on what occasion. No; when a person gets into the habit of continually correcting persons, they soon make themselves obnoxious to all their acquaintances. It is best only to suggest corrections, and only by request.

L. M. "Lady Audley's Secret" is given as a double number (the) of the Free Press. Others of Miss Bradton's works will follow in the same admirable series. So long as your friend has not mentioned your name to the gentleman, it rests with you to accept or refuse the proffered gift. It is pleasant to have such offers, even if they must be, for any reason, refused; they are a compliment to your worth.

W. L. C. Torches are usually of resinous (yellow pine) knots of sticks. They are also made of birch bark and pine slivers—"Death Watch" is No. 7 of New York Library (just out). The persons named are one and the same. No serial has been promised by the author referred to. He is now a confirmed invalid, and probably will write no more—certainly not soon. We publish his best works in book form.

CHAS. C. All countries are tempered according to latitude and altitude above the sea. Cuba is a "hot" country, and at present not a desirable place for a working man. Brazil is a country stretching from the equator to 30 deg. south latitude. Rio de Janeiro, its capital, is 23 deg. We should say it was the country of the future, and it is bound to emigrate; but don't you think this country is wide enough to give you a living?

A. B. C. Apply to your Congressman. If he fails to supply (as he probably will, for it is his gain to sell the books surreptitiously), apply direct to the several departments. You may not then be sure of a favorable answer, but it is your only resource. The New York Public Library, and theington second-hand book-stores are full of government publications, which they have bought at a nominal price from Congressmen—a piece of petty robbery that is a disgrace to the profession.

ISAAC E. S. The censure dealt out by your employer, in the presence of others, was a severe treatment; but *was it unjust?* No clerk has any right to be brusque or unkind to any customer. The poor and humble, especially, should be treated with the greatest politeness and consideration; and if the woman was "just humbugging," your duty was none the less imperative—to offer her no offense by word or act. These salesmen succeed best who are always polite and courteous to please even the woman who spends all day in purchasing a skein of silk.

MARGARET asks: "Is it proper for a man to walk up to another man, a stranger, in a public place, and ask for 'a light'?" It is not proper, but a gentleman friend declares that it is; and we agreed to leave the matter to you. Custom has made it quite the correct thing for gentlemen to ask, "Will you kindly give me a light, sir?" of any man, he may meet smoking; and it would be extremely ill-bred for the person accosted not to stop and comply with the request. You see, you are one of those matters concerning which your friend knew better than you.

REGESTER M. Yours of "three or four weeks ago" did not reach us. We try to answer all inquiries promptly.—The mole can be removed by any surgeon. It has no tendency to grow, and is the way of good or ill fortune; nor is there the slightest meaning or importance to be attached to given birthday. Leave your mole alone, and let it be the cure for the filthy habit of using tobacco—to let it alone, just as you would avoid any vice. Your chronology is too given to flourish for a book-keeper. Nothing is so common as to find a set of books in the counting-room but severely plain penmanship—each letter perfectly formed.

Mrs. J. S. R. Your "defense" is well enough in spirit and intent, but weak, we fear, in its logic. If there is no such thing as literary art, then why is crude and unrhymed verse might find favor; but poetic art is as established as dramatic art, or the printer's art, and writers of verse, of necessity, must be amenable to the canons of profit and art, as determined by the writers of all ages. Therefore, all critics and editors are justified in insisting that every contributor to a literary work should know how simple the theme or homely the thought, shall violate neither the laws of versification nor the forms of beauty in expression that distinguish poetry from prose.

EDGAR M. writes: "Will you help me out of a scrape? I am rather fond of ladies' society, and have been used to waiting on them quite freely, but without a thought of meaning anything serious. One lady—she is very young—has always shown such attachment for me that I have visited her a great deal, and even thought of marrying her. But lately some friends picked out a young lady for my wife, and when we met, she looked at me and said, 'I am engaged to her, and the time for our marriage is set; but the other girl still regards me as her lover, and I do not know the wisest way to tell her of my present intentions, and so get rid of her. What ought I to do?'—We are inclined to believe that you ought to marry her. No doubt you have won and encouraged her love. If you are determined to marry number two, however, your immediate duty is to see number one and truthfully lay before her the whole affair. If she is a sensible girl, she will soon see the wisdom of her side."

MYRTLE DEUSEN, Rhinebeck, asks: "Will you tell me what I must do to retain a good head of hair? Does it make any difference whether I braid it or have it hanging loose? Is there any simple stuff to use on the eyebrows, come in, or any other very pretty, and what must I do to make myself attractive to both gentlemen and ladies?—Use no stimulants, pomatums, nor any kind of oil, nor any hair brush; never use a fine comb upon it, nor any comb more than you can help. The brush, a moderately stiff one, is the proper article where-to dress the hair. Morning and afternoon give it a careful and thorough brushing; also at night, before retiring, brush it out smoothly and braid loosely and tie loosely. Every year scalp clean by washing it once every fortnight in a bowl of tepid or cold water, to which a teaspoonful or two of ammonia has been added. This semi-monthly washing should not be neglected; do not comb until the hair is entirely dry, then commence at the ends and advance toward the roots of the hairs by degrees. The hat, one hundred rigorous strokes a day with a stiff brush, and careful combing, and a monthly clipping of the ends, should keep your hair thick, long, healthy and beautiful.—Wear it in any becoming style, but avoid using rough pins and tight strings.—Five grains of the sulphate of quinine in an ounce of

CHANGED.

BY HARRIET MADEL SPALDING.

Upon the silver lake we sailed,
Touched with the flush of golden noon,
While sweetest roses lay unvalled,
Beneath the glowing smiles of June.

How fond is memory to-night!
Again I see you as of old—
Deep eyes illumined with radiance bright,
Fair brow entwined with winning gold.

Clasped hands that o'er the lilies lay
Folded in musings pure and sweet;
While, torn in careless sport and gay,
Were the crushed lilies at your feet.

'Tis past! 'tis past! No more your smiles
Shall wake the throbbings sweet of yore,
For one has won with winning wiles
The heart that beats for me no more!

Now, where the sunlight gilds the lands,
I see a barque go floating by,
And in the fair and girlish hands
The careless water lilies lie.

How gleams the sunlight on the shore,
As on that fair and golden noon,
With life and beauty beaming o'er,
The glory of the dreamy June!

And, gliding down the silver lake,
The floating barque recedes from view;
While gently now the shadows break,
As o'er the once-loved scene I kneel.

And musing thus, I stand and wait
Until the pensive scene is o'er,
And watch the twilight shadows melt
Upon the hazy, dreaming shore.

A Mother's Reward.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Of all days that had come in balmy sunshine and fresh breezes during that lovely autumn weather there had been none fairer than the one Mrs. Pontifx had chosen for her fete, and as she stood in the door of the gay nursery from which flags were flying, and looked out on the wide expanse of velvet, tree-dotted lawn, where merry picturesque groups were playing croquet, where other groups were sauntering under the leafy foliage that spread so coolly and wide; where she could see fountains playing and statuary gleaming, and fairy-like children dashing and romping along in their white dresses and bright sashes, Mrs. Pontifx congratulated herself on the day, the scene, and the general grand success of her entertainment.

She was still standing there—a large, handsome woman of thirty-five, looking almost regal in her black satin trailing dress, when Miss Rutherford sailed up to her—a tall, haughty girl, in azalea-colored lawn.

"Dear Mrs. Pontifx, please do send some of the servants to drive a couple of boys off the grounds—horrid, dirty Italian boys, with violins." Mrs. Pontifx raised her eyebrows in quiet, awful dignity.

"Straggling musicians inside the gates! I do not see where Hawkins could have been to have permitted it. Where is Alice, Miss Rutherford—have you seen her?"

For Alice Pontifx was the one daughter—the only child and sole heiress to the family—a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of seven, for whom the juvenile portion of the croquet fete had been considerably invited.

"Alice! Yes, I saw her with Bertie Carlyn and Hattie May going toward those dirty little beggars. That is one reason why I came to speak to you, Mrs. Pontifx."

And, sure enough, when Mrs. Pontifx reached the designated spot—a beautifully picturesque place on the margin of a small rippling lakelet, shaded by lofty, well-trimmed elms, and with a turreted castle, the thickest outcrops of ivy, there, among the daintily-dressed, haughty-headed youngsters, headed by Alice Pontifx, radiant in embroidered muslin and pale blue silken sash, with her long lustrous hair tied with blue ribbon and flowing below her waist in a rippling, half-curling mass of fairest gold, with her dainty pale blue silken hose, and low, graceful slippers—there, so near to Mrs. Pontifx's sacredly-guarded treasure that they might have touched her, were two Italian boys, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age—slim, gaunt boys, with clear olive complexions, and shining, lustre, curling hair as ebony as a raven's wing, and eyes of melting, exquisite darkness and seriousness.

Boys with a look on their faces and in their eyes that showed how cruelly ill fate had been, and was, to them—expressions of countenance that told of fatigue and hunger, gestures of their fragile figures that bespoke weakness and weary discouragement; clothes that told their poverty.

Mrs. Pontifx's haughty, almost insolent tones, arrested the preliminary tuning of their violins.

"We don't want any of your music here. Leave the grounds at once, or I will have you arrested as vagrants."

The elder of the two made a low bow in the very face of the lady's displeasure.

"The signora will let us play a little—we want bread—no money—no money—only one little crumb of bread and a drop of water."

"I told you to be off. Alice, darling, yonder goes Hawkins—run, tell him to come here."

The boy turned wistfully toward the child.

"Leetle signorina—only a piece of—"

"How dare you!" shrieked Mrs. Pontifx—"how dare you speak to that child?"

His dark eyes flashed then, and he turned toward his companion.

"Come, Otto—come. There is no pity here; we are starving; we must get food somehow. Come. Lady, we meant no harm."

"Of course not!—of course not! Nevertheless, as suspicious characters I feel it my duty to hand you over to the police. Hawkins, these boys evidently came in to steal, but fortunately there has been no opportunity."

The younger boy clasped his thin, trembling hands entreatingly.

"No! no! We never steal—never in our life! Carlo play, and I play and sing for money for bread—we never steal!"

Alice looked amusedly at him, then turned to her mother with a disgusted, cruel look on her pretty young face.

"Mamma, he's going to cry! The idea of a boy crying! The nasty, dirty crybaby! He was going to steal—and the big one, too, I know, for I saw him looking at my chain and sash-pin!"

Hawkins had them collared by this time, the smaller of the two writhing in the strong grasp, and imploring his liberty, protesting his innocence and bewailing his fate in a breath; while the elder, with a flash almost of defiance from his black eyes, haughtily submitted to the indignity.

So they were led away, while Mrs. Pontifx and Miss Rutherford exchanged their indignant views of the affair, and little Alice's silver laughter chimed out in derision and cruel delight.

"Carl Leonti! What a romantic name! And Ethel says he is far handsomer than his name is odd pretty."

Alice Pontifx threw back her golden-haired head—a pretty, graceful trick she had—and looked eagerly, interestedly at her mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Pontifx—still almost as stately, handsome a woman at forty-six, as when we saw her last at thirty-five; "yes, Mr. Leonti is decidedly the rage, and as dear Ethel says, remarkably handsome. It is established beyond doubt or gainsay that he is independently wealthy, and people do say he is a direct descendant of an Italian nobleman. I feel it quite the mode to have him at our soirees; and, besides, he is a perfectly divine musician—equally at home on the piano and violin and organ."

Alice Pontifx had grown into a beautiful girl—that is, beautiful as an exquisite rose-leaf complexion, shiny blue eyes, and vivid gold hair, good style and handsome toilettes could make her. But she had been spoiled and petted and indulged, until it had come to pass that she never was happy unless in a whirl of mad extremes, or in the enjoyment of her wildest caprices.

And just now, fortunately, her present caprice suited her mother, and Carl Leonti was all the rage in the Pontifx family, as well as in many others; and Alice Pontifx went on from admiration to adoration; and before she had long been under the influence of Carl Leonti's handsome, passionate eyes, where subdued fires burned, she had given him all her heart.

Mr. Carl Leonti took up an exquisite little bouquet of flowers—great double white violets, and bluish-hearted rosebuds, almond-scented oleander-buds, and sprays of lemon-geraniums, and his handsome eyes lighted and his mustache moved in a smile as he read the card attached by a white silken cord—a card that bore the name of Miss Alice Pontifx.

"I wonder if she has such a good memory as I have? I wonder if she remembers the day, eleven years ago, when she helped to send my brother Otto and I to the disgrace that killed him! I remember it, well, and here today, Miss Alice is chiefest among the crowd that pour their adulation on me, the child of fame and fortune!"

He leaned his handsome head on his hand, his black eyes looking with calm thoughtfulness at the exquisite little offering sent by beauty's own hand.

Then, he suddenly threw it on the floor, and in another second would have trampled on it in the violence of the impulse that seized him. Instead, he smiled and pinned a rosebud and violet from it, to his coat, but the smile was cold as ice, merciless as if caused by electricity on the face of a dead man.

"Mamma!"

Alice Pontifx's voice was unusually positive and decided—authoritative though it usually was.

Her mother looked up from a novel she was enjoying in the luxury of a robe-de-chambre, on the spring lounge of her dressing-room.

"It's about—Mr. Leonti I want to speak, mamma! He comes and comes, and pays me such positive attentions, and wears my flowers, and never waltzes with any one but me—and yet, mamma, he says nothing."

There were decided woe and misery in the girl's voice—a misery of woe that was sufficient evidence of how deeply this handsome olive-skinned fellow had interested her. Mrs. Pontifx looked interestedly at her idol.

"I cannot see what the reason is that he does not propose. He certainly admires you, for I have seen as much myself. As you say, he has been exclusive in his attentions to you, and with a turreted castle, the thickest outcrops of ivy, there, among the daintily-dressed, haughty-headed youngsters, headed by Alice Pontifx, radiant in embroidered muslin and pale blue silken sash, with her long lustrous hair tied with blue ribbon and flowing below her waist in a rippling, half-curling mass of fairest gold, with her dainty pale blue silken hose, and low, graceful slippers—there, so near to Mrs. Pontifx's sacredly-guarded treasure that they might have touched her, were two Italian boys, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age—slim, gaunt boys, with clear olive complexions, and shining, lustre, curling hair as ebony as a raven's wing, and eyes of melting, exquisite darkness and seriousness."

Mrs. Pontifx softly smoothed down the bands of blue velvet on her white alpaca dressing-gown, and looked really very contented and self-satisfied—much more so than Alice, whose blue eyes were shining, and on whose cheeks the warm red glow was fluttering.

"Mamma, do you think that is the reason he has not spoken? Oh, mamma, if Carl Leonti does not tell me he loves me, if he does not ask me to be his wife, I shall die! I believe I would quicker kill myself and him, than have him not care for me. Mamma, I love him so!"

Mrs. Pontifx looked entreatingly at her daughter.

"Alice, my darling! you must not talk so! Mr. Leonti surely knows that it is almost audacity for him to aspire to your hand; but, my dear—it shall be arranged for you. All great families have the privilege of arranging such affairs when the daughter is to be wooed—noblesse oblige, you know."

And so it happened, that one morning after one evening when Carl Leonti had been unusually tender and devoted to pretty Alice, and his dark eyes had looked things unutterable in hers, until the girl's heart had throbbled fast and fierce in exquisite delight and anticipation—so it happened the morning after that special evening, that the grand Pontifx barouche was drawn up in stately array in front of Carl Leonti's door in glitter of gold harness and shine of glossy-coated horses and bravery of liveried servants.

While inside, Mrs. Pontifx, the representative of one of the "greatest families" in Gotham, talked with Carl Leonti and offered him her daughter, with all the pomp and pride and dignity she could command.

And Leonti stood courteously listening, his handsome face grave and respectful, his soft, beautiful eyes looking unflinchingly in her self-satisfied face as she stated to him her admiration for his reticence on the subject, considering the position of the family into which it was esteemed such an honor to go—into which he was asked to go.

And when she had said her graceful say, and sat awaiting her answer, with the air of a sovereign who knows that she has but to express her opinions to have them religiously, promptly, delightedly obeyed—when she sat there, in her royal attitude of half-condescension, half-waiting triumph, with her daughter Alice, the fairest and haughtiest of the land, an offering at this man's feet—then Carl Leonti knew what full glory and excellence there was in his patient plan; and his low-voiced, almost careless words had in them such a ring of glad revenge that it startled himself.

"I should doubtless express my great appreciation of the favor extended me, Mrs. Pontifx. Perhaps if I had any intention of accepting it—"

She rose to her feet suddenly, her face blanching.

"If you had any intention of accepting it! Pardon me. Do I understand you?"

He smiled at her coolly.

"It may be better for me to assure you that I decline the honor of your daughter's hand. I presume that is perfectly plain?"

"Decline my daughter's hand! Mr. Leonti! What do you mean by this dreadful insult! Decline my daughter's hand! What have you meant, then, by your exclusive devotion to her?"

She was almost choking with frenzy. Leonti was cool and calm, with that smile on his face that had been there when he almost trampled Alice Pontifx's flowers beneath his heel.

"I will tell you what I meant, madam—I meant to do just as I have done—to bring you and your child to a point where you might feel my appreciation of your feelings, the day you and your child, though she was, drove me and my delicate, darling brother from your pleasure-ground to a prisoner's cell, where, in the noisome place, my brother died—where you and your girl's hands murdered him as surely, as though you had driven a rapier to his proud, sensitive heart! Madam, you remember? Oh, I see you do. Well, this is what I call revenge—what I call a just recompense of reward! And my brother will rest in his grave now that my registered vow is accomplished."

And Alice Pontifx is reaping the reward of the early education of cold, suspicious hauteur and tyrannical cruelty which her mother inculcated, and which has ruined both their lives.

THE FAIRIES.

Where are the wonderful elves and the fairy creatures bright?
Where are the tiny things that danced in the pale moonlight?

Danced in a magic ring and fluttered in robes of white,
Like notes in the sunbeam whirled, like leaves in the forest breeze.

Where are the dusky gnomes who toiled in the golden ground?
So that the miners trembled hearing their hammer's sound?

Hearing them tapping, tapping, delving in darkness bound,
A thousand tapping hammers beneath them hammering.

Where are the forest fairies, the elves in Lincoln green,
Deep in the forest hidden, and never in cities seen,
Sought for by timid maidens on sainted Hallow-e'en?

The joy of all true lovers, a merry band were they,
Hark to the hum of the bee, in the scented blossoms of May.

Where are the household fairies, who loved the emerald glow,
Who played at games with the shadows flickering to and fro,
But no track on the sanded floor, no trace on the fallen snow,

But filled up the little slippers the children left behind?
Hark to the howl of the tempest, the moan of the stormy wind.

The elves are waiting, waiting, for the golden days to come,
When grief shall be known no longer, nor faithful love be dumb;
Till the figures all are added up, and finished the mighty sum.

Ah, they are waiting, waiting, till grief shall be no more,
Hark to the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted shore.

The Bouquet Girl;
OR,
HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE,
AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DETECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.
THE EXECUTORS.

CAPTAIN JACK'S office was situated in the fourth story of one of the handsomest buildings on lower Broadway; rather high if one ascended by the stairs, but then in this age of luxuries, no one thinks of climbing heavenward in a manner when the "elevators" afford such a ready means of access to the upper chambers.

The sanctum of the lawyer was fitted up in the most luxurious manner; the "Modoc" of the bar believed in style and show, for all of which his unlucky clients paid, of course.

On the morning after the night when his recognition by the actor had excited so much astonishment in the breast of the latter, the lawyer sat in his comfortable easy-chair enjoying a fragrant cigar, and glancing at the morning journal, which he held in his hand, every now and then.

The daintily-ornamented clock upon the wall chimed ten in its silver tones. The lawyer tossed the paper upon the table and looked expectantly at the door.

"That's the hour," he murmured, "and they are generally very punctual. I think that I have engineered this affair pretty well, and he rubbed his soft, white palms together in a manner that plainly evinced great satisfaction.

"And to think, too, that it all proceeded from my indulging in a few more glasses of champagne than is usual with me! If it had not been for the wine the idea would never have entered my head. It's a bold scheme, but boldness always suits me," and he smiled complacently as he surveyed his dandy, handsome face in the glass. "Taxwill I am pretty sure of, and as for Dodson, he hates trouble and will be apt to agree with us in everything. I have examined the matter thoroughly, and I can't see a weak spot."

The lawyer's agreeable meditations were interrupted by the entrance into the office of a fat, middle-aged gentleman. He was short and stout, English evidently by the "cut of his jib," as a nautical man would say, and dressed in plain, old-fashioned garments.

With his fat, honest face, puffy cheeks and aldermanic stomach, he exactly resembled the "John Bull" of the artists who "do" the cartoons for the illustrated journals.

This was Mr. Peter Dodson, formerly chief-cook of old Vendotena's confectionery establishment.

"On time, eh?" exclaimed the easy-going Englishman, glancing at the clock.

"Oh, yes, right to the minute; hot, isn't it?"

"Hot? by Jove, sir, it is! We never have it like this at 'ome, you know."

Like nearly all his tribe, this burly Briton was always talking about 'ome, although he never manifested any intention of going there.

"Try a glass of wine," suggested Captain Jack, producing a bottle of Chateau Lafitte from a handsome sideboard, upon the top of which a pitcher of ice-water and some crystal goblets were standing.

"Thank! don't care if I do," and the Englishman smacked his lips as his hand caressed the bottle. Dearlly this son of Britain loved the creature comforts of this life.

And as Mr. Dodson proceeded to enjoy the contents of the goblet another gentleman bustled into the room—a tall, thin man, well advanced in years, dressed in the height of fashion, but showing plainly by his manner that he was no slave to luxurious ease; in fact, a practiced medical eye would have detected at a glance that the man was terribly overworked—that his whole nervous system was shattered, and that nothing was more likely than that this driving man of business might be stricken down at any moment by the grim hand of Death, despite the brisk promise of life that his nervous, energetic manner inspired.

This was Mortimer Taxwill, esquire, well known in Wall street as a heavy operator in stocks, and reputed to be worth a great deal of money.

Dodson and Taxwill were the executors of the will of the old confectioner, Lorenzo Vendotena, and Captain Jack was the lawyer who had drawn the will.

The old confectioner's illness had been a short one, but he had been fully conscious that he was coming nearer and nearer to the end each day, and so he had prepared his will.

The lonely old man in his last moments had relented somewhat; he had neither kith nor kin in the world, with the exception of his son and that son's daughter. When the Jersey lawyer, Limowell, had discovered that the mother was dead, he had waited upon old Vendotena with the news, and had informed him that the child was safe and in his hands.

The Italian had received him curtly and dismissed him abruptly.

"I take no interest in either the mother or child," he exclaimed, angrily. "Not one penny of my money shall ever come to either of them."

But in his last hours the confectioner relented. After all, the child was of his blood; she was innocent of all wrong; the mother, against whom he had been so bitter, was in her grave; death had canceled the account. Better then that his wealth should go to the innocent child, who was of the Vendotena race, than pass into the hands of strangers.

But Antonio, the son, the legal heir?

The old man's rage against the son who had so rudely upset the father's schemes, had never abated; on his death-bed he was as bitter as ever against his unruly son.

"A rogue! a villain!" he cried, in sullen rage. "Even in Europe he disgraces the name he bears. The Vendotenas have always been honest people; poor, but no rascals. This wretch! he will get himself hanged if he keeps on! Not a single penny would I leave, except to cheat the hangman, for without money the gallows will surely clutch him."

And so to the luckless Antonio he bequeathed the sum of one thousand dollars, and the interest of ten thousand dollars, which was securely invested to him as long as he lived, and at his death the principal to go to the Little Sisters of the Poor, a Catholic society in which the old man took a great interest.

The rest of his fortune, roughly estimated at half a million of dollars, he left, without proviso or condition of any kind, to his grand-daughter, Francesca, the child of his son, Antonio.

Brief and directly to the point was the will. The two executors whom the old Italian had chosen were men whom he believed he could fully rely upon.

Mortimer Taxwill had been his cashier for years, while Peter Dodson had entered his employ as chief in the confectionery department when he had first started his confectionery on Broadway. And when old Vendotena had retired from business he had disposed of his establishment to his cashier and foreman, who were allowed to retain the old sign, excepting that instead of simple "Vendotena & Co." the firm was now termed Vendotena & Taxwill.

One year had now elapsed between the date of the old man's death and the period of which we write, and between the birth of the daughter, to whom the half-million had been bequeathed and the present time, some seventeen years had passed, so that the child if living would be about eighteen.

The Italian had retired from business just after the secret marriage of his son, and in the interval from that time to the present, the two partners in the confectionery had made a fortune and sold out, Dodson to retire to a quiet country home and amuse himself with a little amateur farming, Taxwill to plunge into the mazes of the stock exchange and there endeavor to swell the competence he already possessed to a princely sum.

How he had succeeded no one knew; some said that he had been extremely lucky and was already a millionaire. Others cried positively that he had lost every cent that he had in the world, and was now "going it" on credit alone, and that when the time came for his creditors to insist upon getting their money, the balloon would collapse and Mortimer Taxwill would appear to the world in his true character of a beggar.

And to these two men, so opposite in their natures, yet both equally trusted by the old Italian, was the carrying-out of the will he had made intrusted.

To Peter Dodson, easy and slow-going, honest as the day, simple as a child, though not deficient in a sort of natural shrewdness, and Mortimer Taxwill, wily speculator—his foes said, "totally unscrupulous," but that was slander, perhaps—and Captain Jack, the "Modoc" of the bar, the care of the enormous fortune had been confided.

CHAPTER XII.
THE LONG-LOST HEIR.

"AHA! enjoying yourself as usual!" Taxwill exclaimed, perceiving the occupation of the Englishman.

"So beastly 'ot, you know; 'ave a go?" and Dodson, in the true spirit of hospitality, filled out a glass of wine for the speculator.

The lawyer brought him a chair; Taxwill pulled off his gloves and flung himself into the seat, and tossed off the wine at a draught, so different to the leisurely way in which the Englishman was enjoying the vintage of the vine.

"And now we will proceed at once to business," Captain Jack said, perceiving that his visitors were fully prepared for serious matters. "It is in reference to the Vendotena estate."

"I thought so the moment I saw Dodson here," Taxwill remarked.

"Well, I 'ope you've found the young woman," Dodson observed.

"That is exactly what I have succeeded in doing."

There was quite a little bit of triumph perceptible in the voice of the lawyer as he spoke.

The effect produced by the speech upon the two executors was widely different.

The burly Briton drew a long breath; he hated business, and this trust—this enormous fortune confided to him—care-worried him; naturally, therefore, he was extremely glad that the burthen was about to be taken off his shoulders, and in his round, rosy face, joy was plainly indicated.

Taxwill, on the contrary, pursed up his mouth, contracted his eyebrows a bit, and

looked at the lawyer in an extremely suspicious way.

Captain Jack did not appear to notice the look, but he did, though, for very few things escaped his keen eyes.

"Well, dang my buttons, if I ain't thankful!" Dodson exclaimed. "Such responsibilities ain't a bit to my taste. I've done with business; I don't want to do nothin' in this world but enjoy myself. And so you've found the little gal? Well, now, I thought you would."

"You have found the heir?" Taxwill questioned, in his sharp, direct way.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—hum—that's lucky!"

Few words, but a deal of suspicion, introduced in the sentence.

"And all by accident, too."

"You don't say so?" the burly Briton cried, full of curiosity.

"By accident, eh?" Taxwill was watching the lawyer as a cat would watch a mouse.

"Yes, gentlemen, truth is stranger than fiction, you know; but my meeting with this girl is like a leaf torn out of a romance. I was going toward Fulton Ferry, and stopped to buy a bouquet from a flower-girl just outside the gate. She was a pretty little thing, and perceiving that she was so different from the usual run of bouquet girls, I entered into conversation with her. There was something about her face that seemed very familiar to me, and yet it did not appear to be the face of anyone whom I have ever known, and while I was talking to her, trying to account for the impression which her face had made, all of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. When I first attempted to hunt up this lost heir, the principal thing that I relied upon was a handsomely painted picture on ivory of the mother. If you remember, the old gentleman, just before his death, gave it to me, stating at the time that his son, Antonio, had sent it to him immediately after his secret marriage. Bitter as the old man had been in regard to the young girl whom he believed had entrapped his son into a marriage solely for his money, still he had preserved the picture. With this picture as a guide, as you may remember, I went to Long Branch to hunt up this Limowell, the uncle of the wife, who had had charge of the child. Probably you will recollect that my search was a fruitless one. Limowell had resided there, but had moved away, and no one knew where. The girl had been with him—in fact, two girls, both of whom he called his nieces, and both had gone also. It was a difficult matter to find out anything about this Limowell, for he lived back in what the natives termed 'the pines,' a barren sandy waste between Long Branch and Branchburg, and kept himself quite secluded."

"You advertised for him pretty extensively, too," Taxwill remarked.

"Yes, but without avail. Well, to make a long story short, the girl was the very image of the picture which I possessed, and upon questioning her carefully, without, of course, saying anything in regard to the suspicion which I had as to who she was, I soon knew the story of her life. As I suspected, she was the long-lost heir. Her name was Francesca, Fulton Frank her associates called her. She had been brought up at Branchburg by Lysander Limowell; her mother, Limowell's niece, had married the son of a wealthy New Yorker, who had been disowned on account of the marriage; she had been brought up by Mr. Limowell, her mother dying when she was quite small; she had been ill-treated by her uncle and had run away to New York to seek her fortune."

"Ow very romantic!" exclaimed Dodson, who had listened attentively to the recital.

"Very!" Taxwill cried, drily.

Captain Jack took no notice at all of the peculiar tone, and as for Dodson, the honest Briton never perceived it.

"Well, as I said before, I'm deuced glad that the beastly thing is going to be settled," declared the Englishman; "I want it off my mind, you know."

"I suppose you will be able to prove that this girl is the heir—that is, prove her identity?" Taxwill asked, his tone plainly indicating the doubts in his mind.

"Oh, yes; no doubt about it at all," Captain Jack answered, in his airy, easy way. "And now, if you will fix a time, I'll present the girl to you."

"Ow will this afternoon do?" asked Dodson, in his blunt way. "I've got to buy some stuff in town, and I would like to go 'ome by the last train to-day."

"This afternoon will suit me," Taxwill remarked.

"All right; and now I must toddle off, for I've a lot of things to do. I don't come to town every day, you know." And then the Briton departed.

Taxwill favored the lawyer with a long, suspicious glance after the door had closed on the burly figure of the Englishman.

"What's the matter?" Captain Jack asked, blandly.

"Come, come! This story may do for Dodson, who is as stupid as a child about some things, but I don't swallow it!" the speculator exclaimed, quickly.

"You don't believe that I have found the heir?"

"No, I do not."

"It's a fact."

"Gammon!"

"Well, she'll pass for the heir anyway; her name is Francesca, and she was brought up by this man Limowell, who did have the custody of the child."

"But she is not the child!"

"That's a doubtful point; but it will be money in our pockets for us to believe that she is."

"How so?"

"This was business, and the speculator was quick to appreciate it."

"A half a million of dollars is a pretty large sum to any one; to a girl who has been making a dollar a day by selling bouquets at the ferries, it seems a fabulous amount. Without our aid the girl couldn't touch a penny of the property. I have made a fair bargain with her."

"How much?"

"One clear half."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANK'S STORY.

"A half a million of dollars!" Craige exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes; it is a large sum, isn't it?"

"Well, I should say so, but I don't understand!" the bewildered actor protested.

"You know that gentleman is a lawyer?"

"Yes; and not a very reputable one, either."

"He met me at Fulton Ferry the other night; he had been drinking, and I suppose the liquor put the idea into his head, for he asked my name, how old I was, and then told me that I was the heir to a fortune of half a million of dollars."

"You had better be on your guard, Frank," Craige said, seriously. "This fellow is totally unscrupulous. He has already been concerned in some ugly scrapes, and how he manages to escape from being 'thrown over the bars,' as the lawyers say, which means expulsion from the legal fraternity, is a mystery."

"Oh, he intends to pay himself well for the services which he is to perform; he does not serve me for nothing; he is honest about it. He came to-night especially to hear the story of my life, and after I had told him all I knew in regard to my birth and early childhood, he said that in his mind there was no doubt that I was the long-lost heir."

"Long-lost heir!" Craige exclaimed. "Yes, that is the way the story-writers always put it. But how did the man happen to think that you were the heir? That is something I don't understand."

"He has a picture of my mother, and recognized me from my resemblance to it."

Craige was puzzled; he distrusted the wily Captain Jack, and suspected that there was some deep-laid plan at the bottom of all this. Fortunes of half a million did not usually wait long for heirs.

"The fellow is a regular rascal, I am sure; I have heard of two or three of his tricks, and I am afraid that there is more in this than appears on the surface."

"Oh, no; I think not," replied the girl. "He has made a good bargain for himself, and will profit more than I will if he succeeds in getting the money."

"What is he to receive for his valuable services?"

"One half."

"A quarter of a million, eh?"

"Yes; and out of my half are to come all the expenses."

"He will be paid pretty well; but it is not so bad, considering that without him you would not, probably, be able to get anything."

"Yes; he is to find all the necessary proofs."

"But can he prove that you are the heir?"

"He says he can."

"But are you the heir? Do you think you are?"

"Well, I don't know what to think," the girl answered. "I'll tell you the story, and you can decide. The half a million is the fortune left by an old gentleman, Vendotena by name, who used to keep a confectionery store on Broadway."

"Yes, I know the place; many a dish of ice-cream I've had there."

"The son of the old gentleman—an only son—secretly married a young country girl at Long Branch, and the father never forgave him. The wife was named Deetra Limowell, and about two years after her marriage she died, leaving a baby girl. That child was brought up in this Limowell, who was a lawyer. When the old gentleman died, about eighteen years after the marriage of his son, he made a will leaving all his property to his grand-daughter, Francesca, the child of Deetra. This Mr. Leiffer was the lawyer who drew out the will. He went in search of the child, now a girl of eighteen, but could find no trace of her at all, or of Mr. Limowell, who had taken care of her. He had lived at Long Branch, or, to speak more correctly, near Long Branch, in a very lonely spot, and had gone away, no one knew where or when. That's the story of the heir; now hear mine. I don't know who my father or mother was, or anything about them. Ever since I can remember I lived with a Mr. Limowell in a lonely house near Long Branch. I was told that my name was Francesca, but whenever I asked about my father and mother, I was told that they were both dead, long ago, and that I mustn't ask any questions. Mr. Limowell was a harsh, stern man, so ugly in temper that I fairly grew to hate the very sight of him. About a year ago he brought a young man to the house, introduced him to me, and said that he was to be my husband. That very night I ran away and came to New York. Brown Betty, an old colored woman who took care of the house and had always looked out for me since I was a child, advised me to take the step. I had twenty-five dollars which I had saved up, and I knew that would keep me until I found something to do. Brown Betty knew Mrs. O'Hoolihan and sent me here. Now compare the two stories; have I not reason to believe that I am the missing heir for whom this fortune of half a million of dollars waits?"

Craige was thoroughly astonished. It was more than probable and his quick mind speedily comprehended how easily a skillful lawyer, particularly one not over scrupulous, could supply the missing links in the chain of evidence.

"Well, it certainly does look as if you were the heir."

"Am I not justified, then, in accepting the fortune that chance throws into my lap?"

"Most certainly! It would be tempting Providence to refuse."

"And think, too, of the happiness that such a vast sum of money will bring me."

"Money does not always bring happiness, you know."

"Ah, yes, but it does if it is rightly used," the girl cried, eagerly. "It won't turn my head, either, though I have been used to poverty all my life."

"That's good."

"And I shall be able to pay the debts I owe."

"Do you owe many?"

"Oh, no; you are my greatest creditor," and the pretty girl rested her little hand upon the arm of the young man and looked him full in the face with her great dark eyes, now moistened with emotion.

Craige was visibly affected, but he was an honest-hearted fellow, and seldom tried to conceal his feelings.

"Why, what do you owe me?"

"Everything," the girl exclaimed, impulsively; "haven't you tried to educate me—to teach me how to avoid danger in the narrow lane of life which fate forced me to tread? Do you think that I shall ever forget your kindness? Oh, no! Why, my first thought, Ronald, when I was told that I was the heir to all this money, was that I should be able to repay you."

"And how do you intend to repay me," the actor asked, smiling at the eager, up-turned "Oh, I don't know! You must tell me. You don't like the stage; I have heard you

say so a hundred times, and now you will be able to leave it."

"I don't exactly see how you manage to figure that out," Craige observed, laughing. "I haven't come in for a fortune of half a million," you know."

"You have always been ready to help me when I needed help," she replied, "and now, when I get this money, I shall consider it as much yours as mine."

A moment the young actor gazed earnestly into the expressive face, the dusk of the night partly concealing the blushes which flooded throat, cheeks and temples, and then, with a gentle motion, he extended his arms and drew the young girl gently to his manly breast.

"Why, little one," he said, "do you think that I am the sort of man to take any unfair advantage? Just think of the prospect that lies before you. A half a million of dollars! Why, with such a sum of money as that you can buy your way into the best society in the country. Few circles in this great republic so select as to ask 'Who or what is she?' No; the question generally put is, 'How much is she worth?' Gold is the touch-stone which tries all mankind. I am a poor man, something of a scholar, but, like a fool, I have chosen a profession, the pursuit of which brings no honor. In the eyes of two-thirds of the world, the actor is still a vagabond, just as he used to be considered legally, in the old English time, when the stocks and the whipping-post awaited him if he chanced to merit the displeasure of some petty official. You will be a rich young lady, an heiress; do you think that I really am an outcast from the charmed circle called society, would try to hamper you by recalling to your memory the old days when we were both poor together? Oh, no, Frank; I am no such man. Accept the gift that fortune gives and forget that I live."

"Bless you, my children!" cried a hoarse voice, in foreign accents; "I, your fardier, bless you!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 387.)

HOPE

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Standing alone on the ocean shore,
Looking afar o'er the trackless tide,
Deaf to the sound of the water's roar,
Is winsome Jennie, the fisherman's bride!

Watching the ships, with their snowy wings,
As they dance, like will-o'-wispes, over the sea,
And wondering asks, "Which shall bring me
My husband, my darling, again to me?"

Yet no shallow, with white wings spread;
Entered the harbor; but each passed by;
And she watched till the golden sun grew red,
And basked in purple the western sky.

The sails all vanished, like phantoms white,
In the rising mists and the gathering gloom;
And she turned from the shore, where the waves
Sung over and over their mournful tune.

Perhaps a tear for a moment dimmed
The dusk brown eyes of the waiting bride;
But in youth's glad hours hope is undimmed,
And she said, "He will come with to-morrow's tide!"

And she traced the sands that the waves had
Kissed,
To the cot that nestled near to the shore,
With only the thought that to-day had missed
The joy that to-morrow held in store.

Ah! how many hopes, and, hoping, wait;
So nurture it tenderly while you may;
On the shimmering sands of life's great shore,
Watching in vain for the hand of fate!

To bring their hopes ere the day is o'er!
Though the sun goes down and the night looms
Dark,
And only wrecks are strewn at their feet,
Yet hope returns, like the dove to the ark,
And brings to the waiting the faith so sweet.

Oh! perfect and pure is the flower of Hope!
Of all the flowers of life the fairest;
Though it buds to bloom on life's sunny slope,
It bursts in full glory on the downward way;
And Hope will shine through sorrows pale,
Encompass it round; and a noble's tears
Can never drown in the shadowed vale
The light that was born for eternity's years.

The Velvet Hand:

OR,

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KID,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "KENTUCK
THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT SHERIFF'S SALE.

THE morning of the day appointed for the sale of the Cinnabar mine property came bright and beautiful.

Ten o'clock was the hour set for the sale, and quite a crowd had collected around and about the premises as the time drew nigh.

Prominent among the idlers who were plainly collected out of pure curiosity, and who had no idea of investing in the property, was Joe Bowers, who was the center of a little group, as he generally contrived to be.

"Oh, I tell yer wot it is, gent'men, I know this hyer property from A to zizzard!" he exclaimed with lofty accent. "I knew it in the time when this hyer town was first started. I was one of the first pilgrims that hoofed it up this hyer valley, I was! Oh, them were lively times, you bet! I've seen more good old gold dust taken out of this hyer mine—why, gent'men, talk 'bout yer Big Bonanzas, an' yer Consolidated Virginia, an' yer Mari-rosa grants—why, this hyer mine could knock the socks outen any of 'em! Oh, methinks, me noble brethren, in me mind's eye, Horatio, I see them times ag'in!"

"Get out!" cried an irreverent bystander, "this hyer mine is a fraud, anyway! I reckon that I've heered all 'bout it. It's bust'd every party that has took hold on it!"

"That's so, me noble dook; to the p'int you talk, and straight, by jingo! but it's a bully mine for all that! You don't understand; that's a spell onto it!" and Mr. Bowers sunk his voice to a sort of mysterious whisper as he made this mysterious announcement.

"A what?" cried Yuba Bill, who was in the crowd.

"It's a spell—a charm, gentle William!" responded the bummer.

"Oh, give us a rest!" ejaculated the tall son of Yuba.

"It's a sure enuff fact!" cried Bowers. "Don't I know it, an' don't I say it, an' w'er oh, whar on this hyer foot-stool is the man wot says that I, Joe Bowers, kin lie? That's blood on this mine, feller-citizens! I see'd the light when good men an' true went down like sheep with the rot; an' the bad spell that's on the place will never be worked off till Injun Dick Talbot comes to his own ag'in."

The name of Injun Dick was tolerably familiar to most of the crowd, and nearly all had heard some account of his connection with the settling of the town of Cinnabar; but some of the bystanders were ignorant of the man and his doings, and one of them, happening to ask for information in regard to Injun Dick, af-

forded the bummer, who was never so happy as when spinning some outrageous yarn, a chance to go into a long story about Injun Dick Talbot and his wonderful adventures.

"Of course the veteran did not trouble himself in regard to facts, but he just 'waded in,' as Yuba would have remarked, and told one of the toughest yarns that mortal man ever listened to."

A few minutes before ten the sheriff, Shepard Blum, arrived upon the ground. Blum, as the readers of Injun Dick will probably remember, was formerly chief of police, but at the last election had succeeded in getting in as sheriff.

With Blum came the superintendent of the mine, Bertrand Redan.

The good folks of Cinnabar had been on the lookout ever since the affray between the Cinnabar superintendent and Velvet Hand for a first-class "shooting-match." The gossips of the town, after hearing of the discomfiture of Redan at the hands of the agile and strong-armed Velvet Hand, had looked to see Redan arm himself and assault the card-player on the first favorable occasion. But Redan had manifested no idea of doing anything of the sort, and when questioned in regard to the matter—some anxious souls could not restrain their curiosity—had simply said that he was a fool to allow himself to be drawn into a quarrel at all, and that, as far as he was concerned, he should pay no further attention to the matter.

This was "taking water" with a vengeance. Cinnabar was woefully disappointed, and the character of the superintendent suffered accordingly. As Joe Bowers had remarked, "Things was wot now as they used to was."

Civilization had come and the glories of the old-time Cinnabar City were on the wane.

The hour of ten arrived.

Blum mounted a box, and unfolding a legal-looking paper proceeded to read the terms of the sale.

"The Cinnabar mine, machinery, buildings, tools, etc., to be sold to the highest bidder, ten per cent. of the purchase-money to be paid when the property was knocked down, forty per cent. more in thirty days, and the residue in one year from date."

And just as Blum commenced to read the terms of the auction Velvet Hand, accompanied by Clint MacAlpine, the mayor of the town, joined the throng.

As the two came up and the velvet suit of the Cinnabar champion was recognized, many in the crowd exchanged glances, and those individuals who were in the direct line between the new-comers and the Cinnabar superintendent began to edge out of the way. These considerate citizens were not anxious to interfere in any way with the settlement of the quarrel between the superintendent and the Cinnabar man, provided the pair were desirous of settling the matter by an attempt to "settle" each other.

But neither took the slightest notice of the other, much to the disappointment of a great many in the crowd.

"Now, gents, let's proceed right to business!" cried Blum, after he had finished reading the conditions of the sale. "Tain't necessary for me to dilate upon this hyer mine. You all on you know the Cinnabar lode, gents, like a book, and a richer mine don't exist on top of this 'hyer airt! It's in tip-top running order, so my friend hyer, Mr. Superintendent Redan, says, and I reckon he's posted on mining matters! Now, gents, as life is short and time is flyin', we'll pitch right in to onct! How much am I offered for this hyer mine? On behalf of the owners of a mortgage ag'in' the property risin' twelve thousand shekels I'll bid seven thousand dollars!"

This announcement took the crowd by surprise, for one and all expected that the property would go dirt cheap. They had not anticipated this action upon the part of the wily gentleman of California street in that thriving burg of Frisco.

But these sharps had put considerable money into the Cinnabar property, and they intended to either have their money or the mine.

"Seven thousand dollars!" cried the auctioneer, "seven thousand—do I hear the eight?"

"Eight thousand!" exclaimed Mr. Superintendent Redan.

"Eight thousand dollars—eight thou—nine! Thank you, sir!" and the sheriff bowed, apparently to an individual on the outskirts of the crowd.

Everybody looked to see who had bid nine thousand, for no one had heard the bid; but the look was vain as far as information was concerned, for the men in the locality where the auctioneer had directed his bow were evidently as much amazed as the rest.

And then all at once it flashed upon the keen-witted ones of the crowd that the nine-thousand bidders were the Frisco sharps—the bulls and bears who roamed unchecked around the Bank of California.

"Nine thousand—who says ten?"

"Ten!"

It was the clear voice of the Velvet Hand that spoke this time, and Del Colma, standing gloomily by the door of the little cottage, dull-eyed and wan of face, started.

"Ten thousand—eleven!" another rise from the mortgagees. "Now who says twelve?"

"Twelve thousand!"

A woman's voice this time, clear as the ring of a silver coin and sweet as the breathing of a lute.

It was Blanche del Colma in the cottage door.

"Twelve—twelve thousand—no advance,"—the Frisco gents were done. "Twelve thousand dollars, going, going—gone! Miss del Colma!"

Blanche had bought the mine!

CHAPTER XXX.

A DARING DEED.

A WOMAN buy the Cinnabar mine! a nine days' wonder! And that woman, too, the proud and haughty Californian girl.

"Miss del Colma—twelve thousand dollars!" from lip to lip in the crowd the words passed, and every eye turned to gaze upon her, but she had discreetly withdrawn within the cottage.

Upon the face of the late superintendent of the mine, the cold-visaged Redan, sat a look of angry astonishment. The prize he had toiled so hard to gain had been wrested from his grasp right at the moment of apparent victory. Redan was fully prepared to pay ten thousand dollars for the mine, but to "rise" twelve was too much for him.

Another thoroughly astonished personage was Fernando del Colma. If the hoary head of old Shasta's peak had nodded and cried out, "Twelve thousand dollars for the Cinnabar lode!" he would not have been much more amazed.

As for the other party interested in the sale, the cool and quiet Velvet Hand, he did not seem in the least surprised, but took it as a matter of course.

"Why didn't you give thirteen thousand,

old man!" Clint MacAlpine exclaimed; "thirteen would have corraled your elephant."

"Oh, it isn't manners to bid against a lady," the sharp replied with a laugh; "besides, twelve thousand sized my pile. When the blind is too much for my hand, I always 'stay out' of the game."

The sheriff approached Del Colma, who was still standing moodily by the door of the cottage, the little throng in the meantime rapidly dispersing.

"Ten per cent., you know, must be put up now," Blum said, supposing as a matter of course that the girl had bid the mine in on behalf of her brother.

"I know nothing about it," Del Colma answered.

"Well, I reckoned that you and the lady had fixed the matter between you," Blum exclaimed, astonished.

"I don't know anything about it," Del Colma repeated, "and what induced the girl to bid twelve thousand dollars when she hasn't got twelve thousand cents is an utter mystery to me."

The sheriff expressed the astonishment swelling within his manly bosom by a loud whistle.

"Blazes and Thomas!" he ejaculated, "here's a nice go! Have I got to sell the thing over ag'in, and the hull caboodle gone? Well, this is a sweet mess! Why, the gal must be crazy!"

"Perhaps you had better go in and see what she has to say about it," suggested Del Colma.

"I for one am utterly bewildered by her action. Twelve thousand dollars? Why, I don't believe that she has got ten dollars in the world. I took all her money to put into this infernal mine, and like a hungry demon it has swallowed all and now clamors for more."

"All right; I'll go in and see what she has to say about the thing. You'll excuse me, colonel, if I give vent to my feelings and say, darn these woman critters! they are allers mixin' things up!" and thus having in a measure relieved his mind, the big sheriff marched into the house.

Like the majority of big men, Blum prided himself upon being a lady's man; and so, when he came into the room where Blanche sat, he removed his hat and bowed gallantly.

"Excuse my intruding, miss, but I'm the sheriff, and I've come to see about this hyer auction sale."

"Yes," said the girl, smiling in her cold, stately way.

As Blum afterward said, in describing the interview, "she could just hang herself alongside of any of them furrin queens an' sich, an' nary one of them would take the starch outen her."

"You bought the mine, miss—twelve thousand dollars."

"Yes, sir."

"He knows nothing of my affairs," said the girl, with dignity.

"So he said, miss; well, there's ten per cent. to be paid to onct."

"Ten per cent. of twelve thousand is twelve hundred dollars," Blanche observed.

"Yes, miss, I guess that is correct."

The worthy sheriff was not a man of figures, and he was getting out his book and pencil to ascertain the amount, when the girl spoke; but her prompt declaration carried conviction with it.

Blanche took a buckskin bag from her pocket and counted out in double-eagles the sum of twelve hundred dollars, a sight which made the eyes of the stout sheriff fairly blaze. Never before in all his life had he seen such an enticing display.

Sixty double-eagles, all arrayed in nice little piles.

"Count the money and give me a receipt, please," she said, in quite a business-like way.

The sheriff, much astonished, mechanically did as he was bid. This was the lady whom her own brother pronounced to be not worth twelve hundred cents.

"Correct?" the sheriff replied, the count finished.

"Then he wrote a receipt and handed it to the girl."

"Forty per cent. more in thirty days!" she asked.

"Yes, miss; and then the deed will be given, and the mortgage prepared."

"Very well; the money will be ready. Good-morning."

The sheriff understood that this was a polite hint that the interview was ended, so he gathered up the gold and withdrew with his load, no light one, as any man will find who attempts to walk off with sixty double-eagles.

Blum marched out of the house feeling duly elated, for he had feared that the whole "business" would have to be performed over again, and he had no wish to figure as the victim of a silly woman's whims.

Now, whar is this turned old Californian who sed that this air beautiful heifer war clean but'st?" the sheriff ejaculated, as he strode out of the house. "Whar is he, so I kin shake the double-eagles at him and make him look sick—tryin' to fool the sheriff of this hyer damned old corral with sich a cock-and-bull story?"

But the Californian had departed. Gloomy and desperate, he had yielded to Redan's suggestion that he had better try some liquor to keep his courage up.

The wily superintendent was anxious to learn how Blanche had possibly contrived to raise so large a sum as twelve thousand dollars.

Del Colma could not afford him any information though. In fact, the Californian bluntly declared that he believed the girl had lost her wits, and that bidding for the mine was but the whim of a moment.

Anxious to learn the truth, Redan hurried away, as soon as he conveniently could, leaving Del Colma to continue the debauch which he had commenced.

It was not often that the Californian yielded to the demon of drink, but when he did, he drank until bereft of both sense and reason.

The superintendent hunted up the sheriff, and that worthy, in reply to the question as to whether the girl had made good the ten-per-cent. deposit, shook a handful of golden coins in the face of the questioner.

"Did she make it good?" he cried, exultantly; "well, now, she did, you bet! Poned up jest like a little man, the solid stuff, an' I'm betting my head ag'in a lump of quartz that she's good for every cent!"

Amazed and disgusted, Redan strode away, his face overcast with a portentous frown.

The game was going most decidedly against him.

Del Colma came not home to his cottage that day; but as he was in the habit of remaining absent at times without warning, Blanche was not alarmed.

Night came and still no Fernando. Instructing Sanchez to keep watch for her brother, Blanche retired to rest, and about the midnight hour the sleepy hostler, dozing in his chair, was suddenly aroused by a most rude attack.

Who or what his assailants were he could not tell, for he was blindfolded, gagged and securely bound in an instant.

Then the midnight marauders ascended to the room where sleeping innocence reposed.

Bound, blindfolded, and gagged, wrapped closely in a blanket, Blanche was borne from her apartment, placed upon the back of a horse, securely held by stout arms, and then, by a dark, circuitous route, was carried out of the town of Cinnabar.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

A LOVE CALL.

BY E. Z. WAX.

Maiden of the nut-brown hair,
Radiant eyes glowing cheek,
Let Love lure you, sweetest, where
Brownies play at hide-and-seek.

Deep within the drowsy dell
We will wander, wondering why
Tongue and lip are so sweet,
All the love breathed in a sigh.

Overhead the whispering trees;
Underneath the couch of green;
While the murmuring brook and stream
Prattle of the

My desire to return to Hampton was like the longing and restlessness of a fever-patient; and the first use which it occurred to me to make of the money was to spend it in a secret visit to the Place.

who loved him with a love which put to shame the tamer and more selfish affection of all his other friends! Lillian, poor child, she truly appreciated him. I love her. I would do anything for her; but that other—that soulless, thoughtless thing, neither woman nor child, with-

bodies of their victims lay concealed. Miss Miller, I will not pretend a friendship which I do not wholly feel. I have been too deeply prejudiced to change my opinion suddenly; but this I will say, that I am ready to co-operate with you in any scheme to destroy the

from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in gold dust per day, while the arrastras and stamp mills are sending from \$20,000 to 50,000 per week in beautiful bullion bars and buttons. Then, too, there is a vast amount of "trade dust" in circulation.

Samples 6c. **Dowd & Co., Bristol, Conn.**
379-52t.

Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts. Samples for
3 ct. stamp. **J. MINKLER & Co., Nassau, N. Y.**
389 2tr.

Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts. Samples for
3 ct. stamp. J. MINKLER & Co., Nassau, N. Y.
389 2tr.

A decorative musical staff with a treble clef and a single note. The staff is drawn with multiple parallel lines, and the note is a simple vertical line with a dot. The staff is positioned at the bottom of the page, and the note is placed on the second line from the bottom.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

To sing of summer, glowing warm,
My muse, lend me thy tuneful charm,
And keep these flies off in a swam.
Bright summer! O'er the world she waves
Her roof of flowers and tender leaves—
And ants go crawling up your sleeves.
High rides the sun, which warmly glows,
Resplendent till the daytime's close—
And mites go swarming in your nose.
The skies so distant seem and white;
The far-off hills sleep in the light—
And little midges, how they bite!
Sweet season of the middle year!
We dwell upon thy glories dear—
And find a bug within our ear!
We stop to pluck each rose we see
That blooms upon the highway free—
Exasperating some sly bee!
The soul on pinions seems to float;
The lips awake the tender note—
You suck a fly into your throat.
How thrills your heart in summer's track
To see of beauteous things no lack—
And feel a spider down your back!
We rest beneath the shady boughs;
Contented thoughts the time allows—
A hornet's nest we then arouse.
The fruit hangs pendant like a charm,
We pluck the apple reddening warm—
And bite into a hidden worm.
How sweet to rise while yet the dews
Clothe all the fields with diamond hues—
And find a pinch-bug in your shoes!
When e'er the evening wind is fair,
Our forehead to its breath we bare—
And brush the bugs out of our hair.
The summer scenes, how sweet they lie!
We pause to look lest they fly—
And brush the gnats out of our eye.
Our feelings how we long to speak!
We cast our cares away, and quick—
We brush the roaches off our cheek.
The summer, how it strives to please
With yellow-jackets, wasps and fleas,
Bed-bugs, musketoes and bumble-bees,
And other things as good as these!

The Flyaway Aloft:

OR,
YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.BY C. D. CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,"
"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE,"
"THE SEAL HUNTERS," ETC.

["The Yankee Boys in Ceylon" treats of the adventures of a party of young Americans who passed a season in the jungles of Ceylon. The party consisted of three brothers, Dick, Ned and Will Wade, who had a schooner yacht, the Flyaway. In Ceylon they met with a serpent-charmer, Abenahua, and his daughter, Rena. After many adventures, Abenahua was killed by a tiger, and the dying left his daughter to the care of Dave Sawyer, captain of the Flyaway, who married her at Colombo, where the Flyaway started out to finish the trip round the world, of which these papers are the record.]

I.
OFF ACHEEN—THE BATTLE WITH MALAY PI-RATES.

THE Flyaway, under a press of sail, was running through the strait between the Nicobar islands and the northern point of Sumatra. Over the port bow could be seen the coast of Achcen, the most northern province of the island, a long low line upon the distant horizon. The yacht, as she rose and fell upon the surface of the sea, looked beautiful to the eye of a sailor, and Captain Dave Sawyer wore an air of pride as he took the deck and watched the light clouds moving away to the east.

"Tell you what, my boys," he said, "it may be a little rough on the inhabitants, but if ever there was a gang of 'thiev' pirates upon the face of the earth, it's the people of these islands. Steal! It's no name for it. Hi, there, Modo! what are you about?"

"Let not the captain sahib be angry with his slave," answered Modo. "I watch for the Malay pirates, whom may Visiwe confound."

"That's all right, Pote," said Ned. "but you don't think that we will have the cheek to pitch into the Flyaway?"

"Captain Sawyer laughed heartily. "It beats all how brassy it makes a lot of boys to have a little good luck. Why, blame all my cats, boys, do you hanker after a fight with the Malays?"

"You bet I do!" replied Ned. "Then you'd better let out the job. As far as I am concerned I'm always spilling for a row, but when it comes to fighting Malays, Papuans, and Sookoes for fun, I ain't on the light; not by a darned sight. 'Sides, I've got some one to look after, now."

He cast a glance at Rona, who, beautiful but sad, was seated near the bow, with her eyes fixed upon the dimpling waves of the smiling sea. What wonder! She was leaving behind her forever the land where she had been born, and had buried the body of her father upon the rocky hill where he had yielded up his life. Yet, when she met the free, manly glance of Dave Sawyer, her face brightened.

"Yes, Dave," replied Ned. "I beg your pardon if I did not think of that. I hope now that we won't see them; but if we do, and the worst comes to the worst—"

"The Flyaway will show the cleanest pair of heels you ever heard of. Look at that! Say, Modo, what are you telegraphing about?"

"Proas!" replied Modo, in a low voice. "Hat!" and Captain Dave brought the glass to his eye; "that's about so, I reckon. And when you see two of the long black cusses lying under the land, like a half-eagle watching a fish-walk, you know what they mean. Here, Rona, my gal, go below at once."

"No," she protested, in her sweet, musical voice, "Rona will stay if there is danger."

"I don't call it danger," explained Sawyer, with a sniff of disapproval. "You'd better go below, though."

"I was always taught to face danger by my father's side," replied Rona. "Let me stay, at least until there is real danger."

"You'll go when I tell you?"

"Yes."

Sawyer looked over his crew. As we have said, it was a strong one for a yacht, and most of the men were old blue-jackets, who had fought bravely before now. Therefore, when they understood that there was a chance of a row, they brightened up, and began to look eagerly at the proas lying so still and silent under the land; but when the sailing-master gave an order which looked like flight, they began to murmur.

"Stand by sheets and tacks! Ready there, you at the wheel. Let her about as quick as you can, for the Straits of Malacca don't look healthy. Why don't you move, timbortoes?"

"Cap'n," said an old foretopman, advancing and saluting "the deck," "ef so be I must make so bold, are we to cut and run from such truck as that there?"

"Jack Trumbull," cried Sawyer, sternly, "is it possible that you have sailed under me so long that you don't know I won't stand a sea lawyer? Stand by! Do your growling in the fok'sel."

The able seaman touched his hat and slid back to his duty, shaking his head to his mates to intimate that it wouldn't work. The schooner went about like a top, and as her broad sails were spread, it was plain to the waiting Malays that their prey would escape them. At once a gun was fired as a signal, and both proas shot out at once, sailing with remarkable speed, for there is something about the build of the Malay proa which makes them superior to everything except the model American yacht. The Flyaway was a beauty, and as her sails caught the breeze she began to draw away, slowly at first, then

rapidly widening the distance between her and the pirates. But, even as they sailed on, Captain Dave cast anxious glances at the sky above them, and said something to Modo in a low tone. The Cingalese shook his head, and wetting his finger, held it up in the air.

"Yes, Captain Sahib; it is as you say."

With a doubtful look the captain stepped forward, and scanned the sea and sky more closely.

"Quartermaster Wade!" he called out. "Ay, sir, sir!"

"Open the arms chest and deal out arms to the men. Give everyone two revolvers and a cut-throat razor, and distribute rifles. Send Jack Trumbull here."

The old salt stepped forward eagerly. "I was going to run, Jack," he explained, "because I didn't care to have our beauty spoiled just for the sake of a row. But the whole lot of 'em, and we'll fight, whether we like it or not. Can you handle that rified Parrott amidships?"

"Ay, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'd run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward. "You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettles, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that, and by George! you've got it. Keep her away; let her go before it."

The young officers sprung to their work with a will, and the Flyaway was quickly in fighting trim. They had learned, in the course of their perilous life in the wilds of Kandy, to meet danger boldly, and if it had not been for Rona, not a man of them but would have been delighted with the prospect of a fight. The rified gun which the Flyaway carried was a good one and although it only carried a twelve-pound ball, it was a dangerous arm for any light craft to meet.

Jack Trumbull patted the gun lovingly and loaded it with particular care. By this time the wind was rapidly dying away, and the schooner scarcely moved through the water.

"One thing is mighty good," declared Captain Dave. "That gun is on a pivot and we can meet them, no matter what way they come."

"But," asked Richard, "if the wind dies away, will it not be dead for them as for us?"

"No, blast 'em!" growled Captain Dave. "they'll get out their sweeps and come down on us a whoopin'. 'Thar, d'ye see that?"

As he spoke they saw the long white sweeps drop into the water from the sides of the nearly stationary proas, which soon began to move rapidly through the water.

"Ready there!" cried Captain Dave, waving his hand toward the gunner. "Wake 'em up, Jake."

The old gunner knelt behind the long gun and took a careful sight, depressing or raising the muzzle at the motion of the screw. All at once he started up with the lanyard in his hand, and a ball went skipping across the water toward the leading proa. It struck the water just in a line with the Malay craft, rose a little, and passed completely through her from stem to stern, and a wild confusion was visible on board.

"I've got the right range," remarked Jack, quietly. "Wonder how the yaller cusses like that."

"Good shot, Jack; well done!" cried the captain. "Give her another!"

"She don't want it, Dave," decided Richard Wade, who with the glass at his eye, was watching the proa earnestly. "She is settling down by the head already."

The confusion aboard the pirate became greater, and soon the men were seen leaping into the water in all directions. The leading proa, which had been the first to be struck, was now seen no more. The companion craft, waiting long enough to pick up the struggling man, came on with accelerated speed, while Jack again brought the Parrott to bear upon her. The first shot was too high and the second as much to the right, but the third plowed a lane through the crowd upon the deck of the pirate, while cries of agony were heard on every side. In the meantime the small carriage guns were loaded with grape, and as the Malay canoes both were discharging, creating fearful havoc.

"Go below, Rona!" shouted Dave Sawyer, in a voice of fierce command, as he saw that even the last terrible slaughter had not sickened the enemy. "Give 'em a little more grape, my sons!"

Again the cannonades swept the decks of the proa. This time the slaughter was more fearful than ever, but there are no men upon earth so careless of life as the Malay pirates.

Dead and wounded alike are tossed into the sea, and the proa still kept on her course, while the revengeful yells of the survivors went up to the summer sky. Jack had just time to cram one more charge into the smallest cannonade and pour it into them as the proa struck near the bow, and the grappling irons were thrown aboard.

Now began a scene which beggars description. The seamen of the Flyaway, with resounding Anglo-Saxon yells, bounded forward to repel boarders, and the revolvers began to tell fearfully upon the mass of Malays who were hacking at the boardings, meeting with their creases, and trying to force their way on board. For ten minutes nothing was heard but the sharp crack of the revolvers, yells of agony and rage, and the stunning Yankee cheer as the men of the Flyaway made good their plans upon the decks of the schooner. Twice the brutal heave gained the deck, and as often were they swept away by the wild charge of the Flyaways. At last, by a desperate effort, forty or fifty of them gained the deck, and prepared for a rush.

"Out of the way, you proas!" cried a clear voice. "Open right and left!"

The Flyaways leaped upon the rail on either side, and the Malays were looking into the muzzle of a cannonade, behind which stood Jack Trumbull, with the lanyard in his hand. Some of them fell to the deck, and died, but the majority of them were not in time, and the iron mass swept through their crowded ranks, literally moving them down before it.

"Charge now, Flyaways!" yelled Dave. "Sweep the carrion from the decks!"

Down came the stout crew on a run, and for a moment cutlery and revolver did bloody work. The decks were cleared in a moment, and almost at the same instant, the schooner, feeling the rising breeze, moved on her way, and the bloody fray was over.

(To be continued.)

Wouldn't Be Sacrificed;

OR,

MR. TOOTSURRY'S CURE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

MR. TOOTSURRY was a very worthy and exemplary gentleman. Kind in his family, sociable with his neighbors, upright in his dealings.

But like many another estimable gentleman, he had one fault, and this one rendered him a bore to everybody else.

He imagined himself to be a great invalid, tormented by every ailment which mortal flesh is heir to; and notwithstanding that his appetite was excellent, his sleep sound, and his general appearance robust and hearty, he persisted in his delusion.

The wonder is that he was not half dead, and the other half, too. For the abominable drugs he was constantly swallowing, and the bitter decoctions he would have prepared and take at the most absurd hours, were enough to kill a

man with a constitution of wrought-iron and as many lives as a cat.

Mr. Tootsurry's wife was a sweet-tempered, soft-voiced little body, who at first sincerely believed in and faithfully sympathized with her husband's complaint.

For her sake they failed, long since, to see the utter absurdity of them, but she was too tender-hearted to wound him by even a seeming indifference. So, with the patience of an angel, and the heroism of a martyr, she rose at all sorts of unseasonable hours of the night, or dropped her household tasks at the most unreasonable hours of the day, to prepare nauseating messes which ought to have strangled him—but unfortunately didn't.

Mr. Tootsurry was possessed of a moderate competence, and might have lived easily. But when like his can make terrible inroads on the expense-book. So little Mrs. Tootsurry, with a laudable desire to "help along," added to her already onerous tasks by taking boarders.

Two of these were sharp young fellows, medical students from a neighboring college. Of course, they saw at once that Mr. Tootsurry's diseases were nothing in the world but imagination, and it provoked them exceedingly to see his impositions upon his good-natured little wife, whom they highly esteemed.

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Mr. Tootsurry was possessed of a moderate competence, and might have lived easily. But when like his can make terrible inroads on the expense-book. So little Mrs. Tootsurry, with a laudable desire to "help along," added to her already onerous tasks by taking boarders.

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him. Alice followed him into the "keeping-room" with a suspicion of the disagreeable pause, with one hand upon the door-knob, a finger upon his lips.

Through the thin barrier came the nasal twang she had learned to hate, raised in prayer. An expression of almost reverential respect spread over the simple farmer's face. He firmly believed that if ever a saint dwelt upon this earth the man whose voice came to his ears then was that saint.

After the prayer was ended, Mr. Walker opened the door and drew his daughter in after him, despite her evident reluctance. A tall, stoop-shouldered, hatchet-faced man was carefully dusting the shiny knees of his black pants. As his eyes lifted at their entrance, his whole face bore a striking resemblance to that of a hawk, though there was a shifty, snake-like gleam in his small black eyes.

"Alice is here to listen to your words, elder," said the farmer. "She knows that you have my full consent and best wishes. I only wish that she and I were worthy of the honor you propose conferring upon us."

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